The Magazine That Does It All!

HIGH SOCIETY

March $1.95

Sue Richards In Hollywood

Hot gossip from the High Society underground

Vintage Vamp: A History Of Pornographics

Rock-And-Roll Me Over

Boys & girls in the band get it on

Whipped Cream!

An S&M gash lash bash

Cocky Classic #7:

Dracula Meets Sleeping Beauty

Snaggle-toothed Count eats a bloody good breakfast

Plus – Society's Child, A Higher Priced Spread, Wet Lady and more penetrable, pink debutantes


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MARCH, 1977



OUR COVER: Jet-setter Kelly Saint-John, one of Sweden's top fashion models, cums to us via photographer Siwer Ohlsson (who convinced us that Kelly's face alone could make a HS reader cream his jeans!). That may be true, but to stay on the safe side we persuaded the sultry Swede to return next issue with a wide-open smile and a lot less clothing!

CONTENTS

SUE RICHARDS IN HOLLYWOOD

SEE PAGE 64





THE HIGH LIFE
4 **HIGH SOCIETY REGISTER**
5 **SILVER SPOONFULS:** I Gave at the Orifice, Nose Job, Twat Bite, etc.
12 **TALK TO ME:** Sue's mail
22 **XXX RATED FILMS:** Reviews by Reggie Danzig
24 **IMPOLITE SOCIETY:** Gloria Leonard on pen pricks; Carole Altman asks, "How Cum?"
28 **THE INQUIRING PORNOGRAPHER**
71 **CB TALK**

THE LAP OF LUXURY
29 **VINTAGE VAMP: A HISTORY OF PORNOGRAPHICS:** By Richard Merkin. Prime cuts from the world's largest antique porn collection
38 **THE PROFESSIONAL PIMP'S GUIDE TO MAKING PUSSY PURR** Interview by Richard Milner
44 **THE HUMP CHUMP:** Fiction by Jacob Mangrove
54 **TOILET, TOILET, WHO'S GOT THE TOILET?** Article by Leonard Lane
58 **ROCK-AND-ROLL ORGY:** A reader's fantasy fulfilled
80 **WET LADY:** Comic strip by Stephen Mellor

OUR DELECTABLE DEBUTANTES
16 **LORNA DUNED**
34 **SUGGESTION BOX**
40 **WHIPPED CREAM:** Photos and copy by Rod Swenson
47 **SOCIETY'S CHILD:** "They laughed when I sat down to play."
66 **HIGHER PRICED SPREAD**
91 **DRACULA MEETS SLEEPING BEAUTY:** Cocky Classic #7







CUMMING CLEAN

I've been in the skin mag game for about eleven months now and, though many of my initial goals have remained the same, others have undergone subtle changes and new ones have been added. I was always, for instance, determined to make HIGH SOCIETY the sexiest men's magazine on the market, but now I'm interested in making it the most unusual, most entertaining—and funniest!—magazine as well. A sense of humor is one of man's most prized possessions—next to his cock, of course—and I won't rest easy until HIGH SOCIETY gets a rise out of you in both areas! That's why I'm working my ass off to bring you weird, never-before-seen (or dreamed of) photo features, articles and stories which, in many instances, will tickle your funny bone as much as that other bone (as it's sometimes called in the industry) you've got between your legs.

You'll never know what to expect next from HIGH SOCIETY, and that's the way I want to keep it—full of surprises. I would get much too bored putting out another slick, dull, unimaginative magazine like all the others. I've had it up to here with picture-perfect calendar girls, pseudo-sexual pattycake nonsense and dreary copy which investigates such mind-blowing topics as a model's needlepoint hobby. These mindless pursuits leave me colder than the proverbial witch's tit. Nor am I interested in stacking up journalistic awards or swaying anybody's political opinions. In fact, let me go on the record right now as saying that I don't give two shits about exposing any big shot businessmen or politicians unless, of course, they want to take off all their clothes and pose for some dirty pictures.

So now you know. I want to get it off, baby, and I want to have *fun* doing it. And I hope you'll keep cumming along with me . . .

Sex and kisses,

Sue Richards Publisher

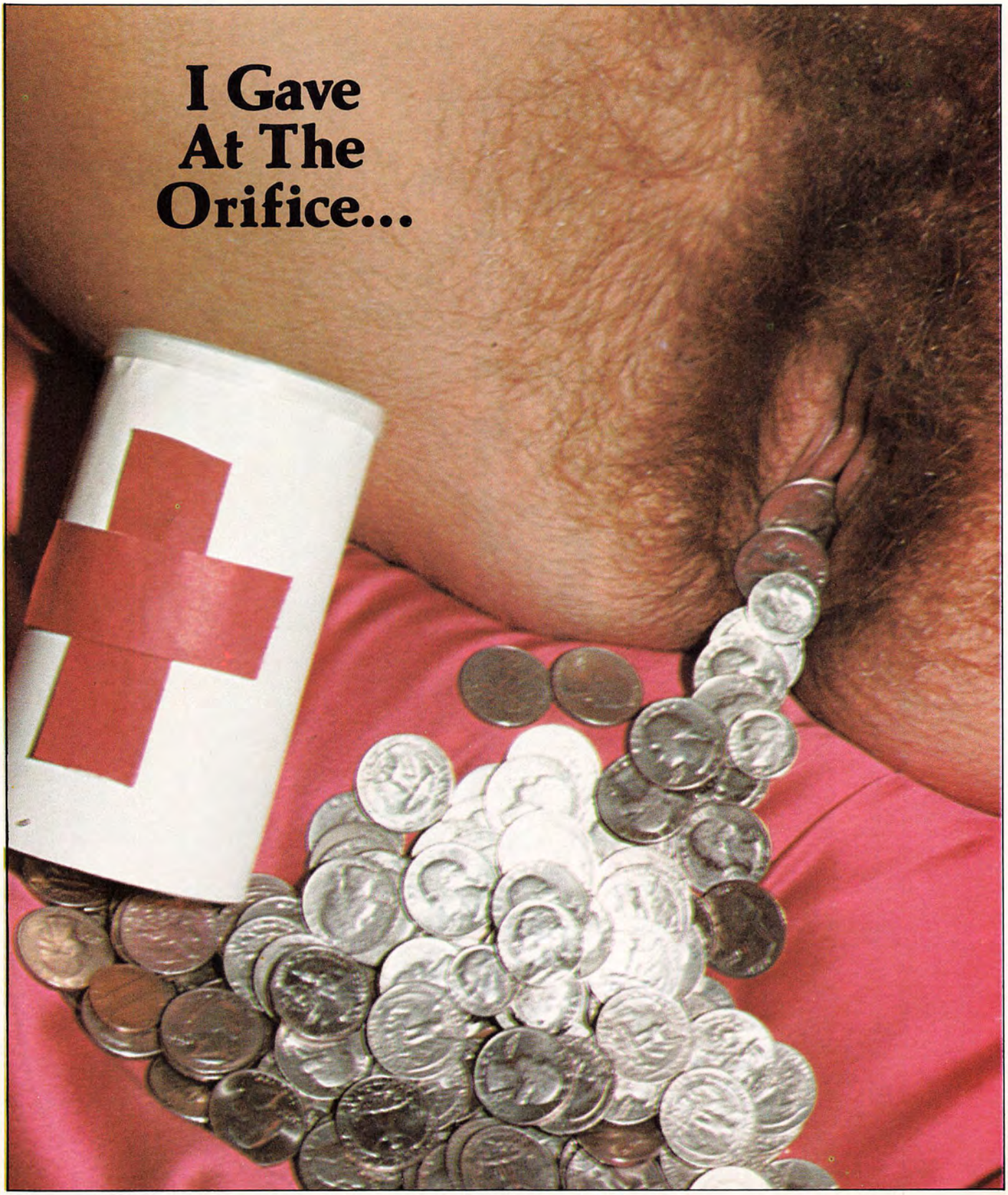
P.S.: I just got back from a fantastic, fun-filled trip to Hollywood where I rubbed elbows with a few stars and appeared on several radio and TV shows. You can read all about it in my *Hot Gossip: Notes From the HIGH SOCIETY Underground* section. If you're interested in the bad old days, be sure to read **Richard Merkin**'s Memoirs. Richard is the owner of the world's largest collection of antique pornography and he was happy to provide us with an exclusive showing of some of his hottest pieces. And writer **Richard Milner** interviewed a professional pimp for us this issue to get some inside dope on how such meat market entrepreneurs make their pussies purr. And speaking of pussies, our *Wet Lady* comic strip offers us a wild one, while yet another gets creamed in **Rod Swenson**'s S&M photorgasm. Our Impolite Society girls, **Gloria Leonard**, **Carole Altman** and **Patrisha Savage**, prove once again what cunning linguists they are and **Jacob Mangrove** dishes out a feelthy piece of fiction which shows how humping can lead to chumping. **Reggie Danzig** does his usual bit for all you raincoat-carrying dirty movie goers out there and our CB expert keeps on trucking, good buddy. Photographer **Carl Kravats** went all out for us this issue and turned in a super hot, wild and wooly photographic rendition of "Rock-and-Roll is Here to Stay." This feature, by the way, is the second creamy climax in our reader-live-out-your-fantasy contest. If you've ever wet your pants trying to find a public bathroom in New York City, you'll get a laugh (or a groan) out of **Leonard Lane**'s article on the inhumanity of pay toilets, and if you've ever written me a letter, you just may find it in print in my slot-stuffer, *Talk to Me* mailbag section. And now for the flesh of the issue—which we've got more of than ever before. There's Lorna, who's been duned, swooned and pruned on a desert island for one and there's *Society's Child*, whose five-finger exercise on her own pink keyboard may start you whistling a different tune (or at least marching to a different drummer). We've got a handy, clip-out suggestion box which you can hang up on the wall of your office—provided, of course, you're not embarrassed to hang up *that* kind of box, and we've got Julia, a higher-priced spread. She proves, once and for all, that it takes a lot of bread to cut the butter with a golddigger who's put money where her mouth is. And last, but not least, we cum to our Cocky Classic #7: *Dracula Meets Sleeping Beauty*. Did you ever hear of a more natural combination? We even threw in an extra beauty—bloodthirsty though she may be—to make it an even threesome. Photographer **Peter Hurd** should be proud. So whaddya think? Is this enough to tide you over until the next issue of HIGH SOCIETY? If not, you'd better have your nuts examined!



Photo by Hiroyuki Matsumoto

Sue Richards chats with HIGH SOCIETY columnist Gloria Leonard.

SILVER SPOONFULS



Patrisha Daugslewicz



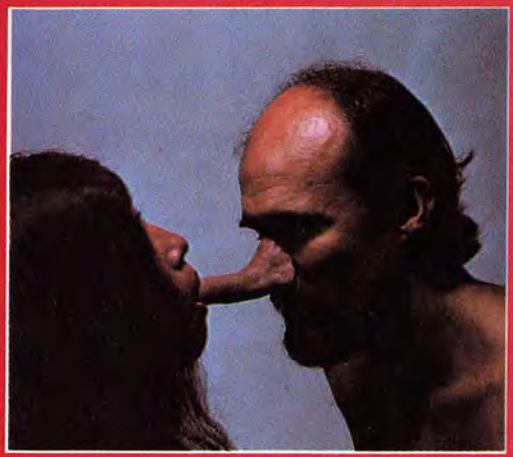
Pickled Tomato

High Society Advice-To-The-Lustlorn Column: When your tomato's got the flag up, the best place for your pickle is probably back in your pants, not in her sandwich. Mind you, there's nothing the matter with a little menstrual fucking, but it's a lot harder explaining plasma on your jockey shorts to your wife than lipstick on the collar. And as for Tampax fuzz on your dick—jes' ain't no way to 'splain that a-tall! So don't be a bloody fuckin' shmo! Stay out of the red in bed!

John Millsenda

Nose Job

A deviated sceptum may be the result of a hard rap to the schnozzola in a hockey game, a nose-twist in a football pile-on, or a sinus uppercut in the boxing ring. A dude could even get one from a chick with the angries loosing a feminist right hook to the snout. Surgeons who operate on deviated sceptums hear all these explanations of how they happened and more. Such surgeons are unflappable. Except for one who really flapped when he heard the sceptum & deviate story behind this shot!



Jerry LaPlante

Hay Lay

"All day long we'd been a-wonderin' what happened to the hired girl. But 'tweren't 'til we missed Grandpa that we put two 'n' two together an' thunk to look in the haymow out back in the barn. 'Jes happened as how little Cousin CindyLou had her camera with her an' 'twere her what snapped this here shot of feet a-fuckin'. Too bad Cousin Cindy Lou didn't wait a couple of minutes though. Might be then she'd have caught this great shot of the hired girl's toes a-curlin' when Gramps lost his false teeth whilst a-slurpin' in her honeypot."

Allan Reider



The Clitty Cut

Jesus! Shaves! What won't they think of next at Act II Haircutters? The swank New York City style-setting emporium assigned their top coiffure expert, Rosetta, to design a pubic hairdo for ladies which would be both attractive to men and please the ladies themselves as well. The result was a V-for-Vaginal nether cut arranged to point the way to the most delicate and pinkest of clean-shaven pussies. The total effect is designed for maximal presentation of Milady's clitty at such times as it progresses from a passive to an active state. And no more fumbling for the button. You can see it now!



Patrisha Daugsiewicz

Physical Fatness Program

Zut! For gentlemen of refined and esoteric tastes, here is a choice morsel so fleshily endowed as to recall the heyday of Victorian pulchritude. Now the modern-day roue, with his fetish for fashion models sans fat, may not appreciate such charms as are here offered. To the skinny devil with him! We who have known the joys of fatty-fucking can but pity the victims of a current vogue which finds humpers rattling bones rather than wallowing gloriously in the suet. Such as they, will never know the pleasures of fist-fucking a navel, sinking knee-deep into a corpulent ass, or being enfolded by a stomach like an overcoat while exploring obese vaginal caverns of delight. And the fat-shy will also have missed the thrill of encountering the coy psychology of fat ladies—beefy baby dolls, one and all—which offers such nostalgic treasures as the simple-minded simper, the thumb-sucking waddle, and the babytalk bellyroll. So join her in the playpen and re-examine the old maxim which points out that nobody loves a fat girl, but oh! how a fat girl can love!



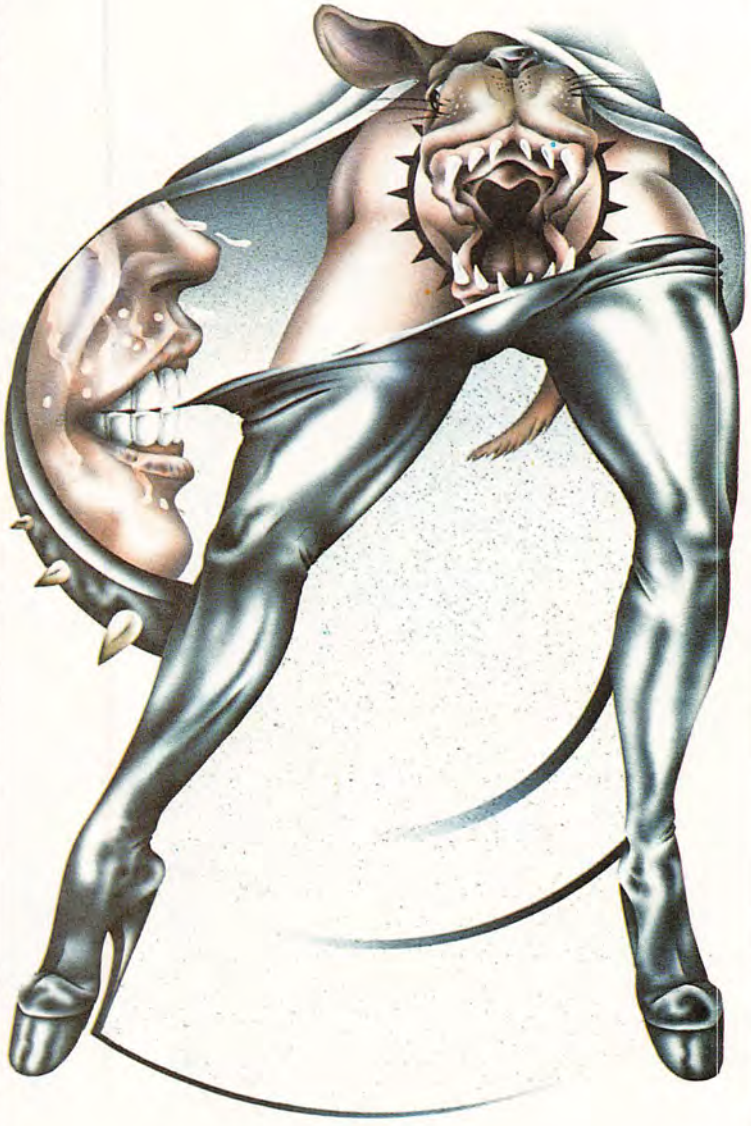


New Kinks

From Krupp Comic Works comes *Kurtzman Komix*, a collection of the early works of Harvey Kurtzman, who rose to prominence along with his creations in *Mad Magazine*. Young Kurtzman is as whackily funny as *Mad* Kurtzman and the book proves it. Also from Krupp come the two other books above which are kinkier than the middle one and prove that Wonder Woman and all her friends have come a long way, baby!

Twat Bite

Neither rabies nor swine flu poses the threat to certain gourmet segments of the population that twat bite presents. Yet the virulent peril facing virtually the entire society of cunning linguists has so far been completely ignored by public health authorities in the United States of America. With retribution against quim diners being expressed by vicious pussies running wild from coast to coast, with the battle between the eaters and the eatees now engaged tooth-to-tooth, has not the time come for a program of immunization to protect honey suckers? And must not part of this program be a media campaign to arouse the public to the danger? If so, then surely such a campaign will require the most graphic illustration to put it over. Here is just such an illustration. Now all we need is a President to stump for free vaccinations.

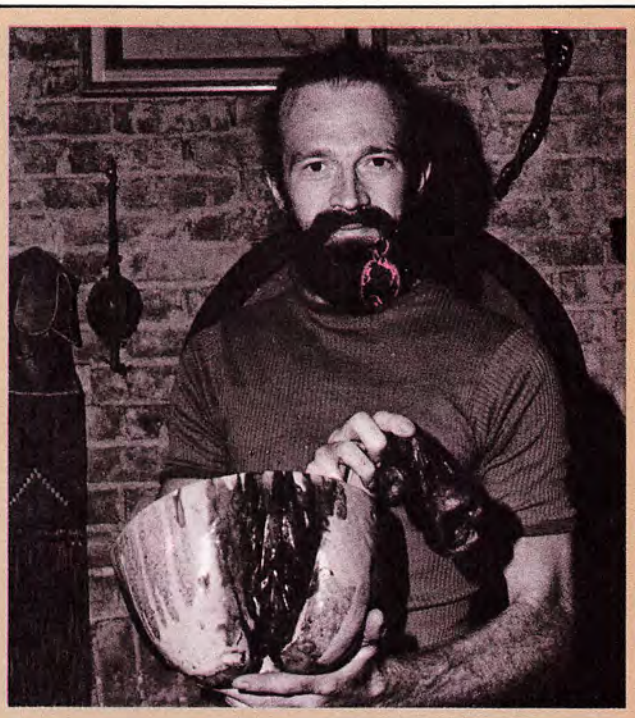


Michael Kanarek

Ding Dong!

The old bell ringer at the cathedral, who never did manage to get humped on his back, was forever fucking around with the wrong pull attached to the wrong friar. Stoned all the time, he was a card as well, and even tried to make the bells ring standing on his head. All of which antagonized the head monk to such an extent that he vowed to keep the bell-ringer there until he learned to be more careful what he was yanking. And the moral of this story is: Never send to ask for what the bell tolls; it tolls for pee!





One Of Our Pricks Is Missing

We're told that this is a picture of ceramics sculptor Doug Johns with a vagina styled punch bowl and cup crafted in the shape of a you-know-what, both of which are his creations. As to the cunty punchbowl, let's just say it's iffy and let it go at that. But the cup—! Now that's something else again. It reminds us of one horrible hangover morning when we went to take a piss, rummaged around in our jockey shorts, and couldn't find it!

Lisa Hoffman

Pecker-Boo

The name of the game is Hide-'N'-Go-Seek and the players are Lance Marcone, rock-'n'-roll star of the *Greenwich Village Follies* at New York's Gate Theater and two of the more frolicsome groupies in the show. Also on display is a hand-crafted cock sock for those cold winter nights when the rod gets goose-pimply. A most practical item of apparel—no doubt—but it raises one very interesting question. To wit: When it comes to getting laid with it on, does a sock in the box have any relationship to the ancient art of fist-fucking?

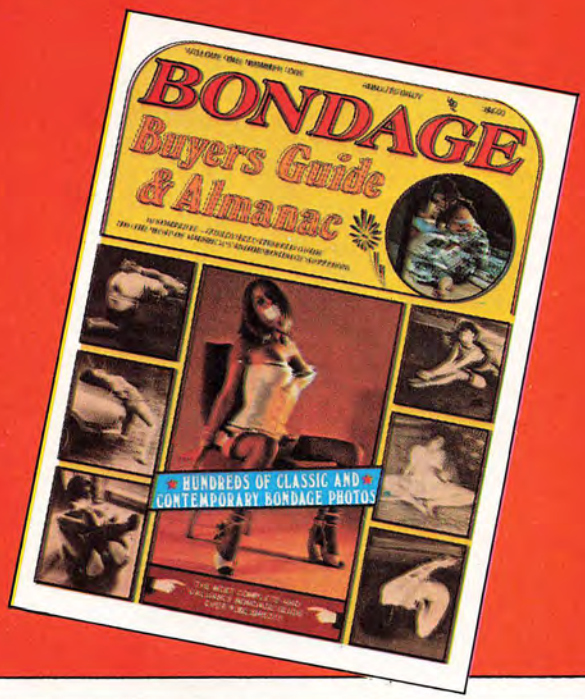


Lisa Hoffman



Lash Gash

The equivalent of a *Sears Roebuck Catalogue* for discipline devotees is now available. A $5 check or money order mailed to *Bondage Buyers Guide & Almanac*, S.O.A., Box 24937, L.A., Cal., 90024 will get you a copy. The publication offers several hundred bondage pictures including the one at left featured on the back cover. This package is all tied up with lotsa heat and meat to beat and beat!



SPOONTANG

Milestones in Meatballheadism: *The American Heritage Dictionary* has been banned from the shelves of Hanover High School by the school board of Cedar Lake, Indiana because some of the definitions were "obscene or unsuitable for high school students." One of the offending definitions was for the word "bang." Under the subhead "Vulgar Slang," the meaning of the word is given as "having sexual intercourse with a woman." That's offensive all right! Especially if you believe—as we do—in calling a fuck a fuck!

Shrinking the Shrink: A headshrinker we know administered an inkblot test to a troubled 11-year-old boy. The kid's response to each card flashed at him was Freudianly the same. "You seem to see a phallus in every abstract shape," was the shrink's comment when the Rorschark was concluded. "What's a phallus?" the kid wanted to know. The shrink—*gestalt* all the way—unzipped his fly, pulled it out and showed him. "Oh," said the kid. "A phallus is the same as a cock, only smaller!"

Roach Report: Best grade averages in college, according to a survey at the University of Vermont, were scored by male students who began smoking pot at an early age.

Airline Service Award Winner: "Would you like to try some of our T. W. A. coffee?" inquired the stewardess. "Or would you prefer to try some of our T. W. A. tea?"

Deposits Before Withdrawals: Baltimore authorities are re-investigating a massage parlor they caused to shut up shop by enforcing a new set of business zoning restrictions. Closed as *The Cat's Meow*, the emporium quickly opened up again under a new name—*Future Propagations, Inc.*—as a sperm bank!

Birdwatcher's Observation: In observing the feeding habits of the Cunnilingus Woodpecker, it was determined that this species' diet consists solely of wooden boxes.

Boobs Away!: It has just been revealed in Jerry Bowles' recent book on The Mouseketeers, *Forever Hold Your Banner High*, that Walt Disney ordered the design of elastic undershirts to flatten the developing jugs of Annette Funicello lest the protuberances adversely affect the morals of Mickey Mouse Club fans. Mouseketeers' Motto? No tits for tots!

Some Yoke: The oldest of old jokes asks what did the hen say when she laid a square egg? And the answer is "Ouch!" But now the hens don't have to worry any more. Stan Pargman of Miami has invented a square egg maker. A hard boiled egg, still warm, is placed in the chamber of the device, the top is tightened, exerting pressure and compressing the egg, and it's put in a refrigerator for five or six minutes. When the egg is removed from the device, it's a perfect cube. Why bother? Oh, just for the shell of it!

Talk To Me



Photographs by Hiroyuki Matsumoto

I can't tell you how much your letters mean to me! HIGH SOCIETY readers must be among the warmest, most responsive people in the world. I only wish I could answer each and every letter that cums my way, but time and space just won't allow it. It takes me several days a month just to *read* them all! I print and respond to as many as I can, but it only scratches the surface. So please don't be angry with me if your letter goes unanswered. Believe me, I've read them all, and each one has made an impression—including those printed here:

Dear Sue:

Thank you . . . thank you . . . THANK YOU!!! I never dreamed the BIG ISSUE would be out on the stands so FAST! And the poster pull-out was absolutely SUPER! You probably don't remember my letter of less than two weeks ago—the 59-year-old bachelor? WOW! You sure are terrific, Sue, and to permanently preserve ALL of those gorgeous photos of you in December's HIGH SOCIETY, I'm having each and every one of them sealed in plastic!

Forever sex and kisses,
J.R.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Ms. Richards:

After reading Mr. H.B.J.'s story in the "Talk to Me" section of your recent issue, I would like to tell you and your readers of a not-too-long-ago episode which happened to my wife and me.

Having been unemployed for almost a year, I finally landed a job as a salesman for a local lingerie distributor. One evening, after making my last business call, I spotted the most enticing looking woman I've ever seen waiting for a bus. Her appearance impelled me to offer her a lift, which she accepted. After small talk and very little persuasion, we went to her house where she modelled every sample I had in the car for me and fucked me till I hurt.

As I was readying to leave she made a phone call and within minutes I was facing husband and daughter! As it turned out the husband had the biggest cock I've ever seen and the daughter weighed every bit of two hundred pounds (but she had the sweetest cunt I've ever eaten).

To avoid being accused of forceful entry, rape and robbery, I had to comply with their instructions to call my wife and tell her that she would be picked up by "big husband."

When my wife arrived, I was stark naked, blindfolded, lying on the floor with the daughter sitting on my face and someone licking my cock and balls in the most fantastic way. This licker turned out to be the family dog.

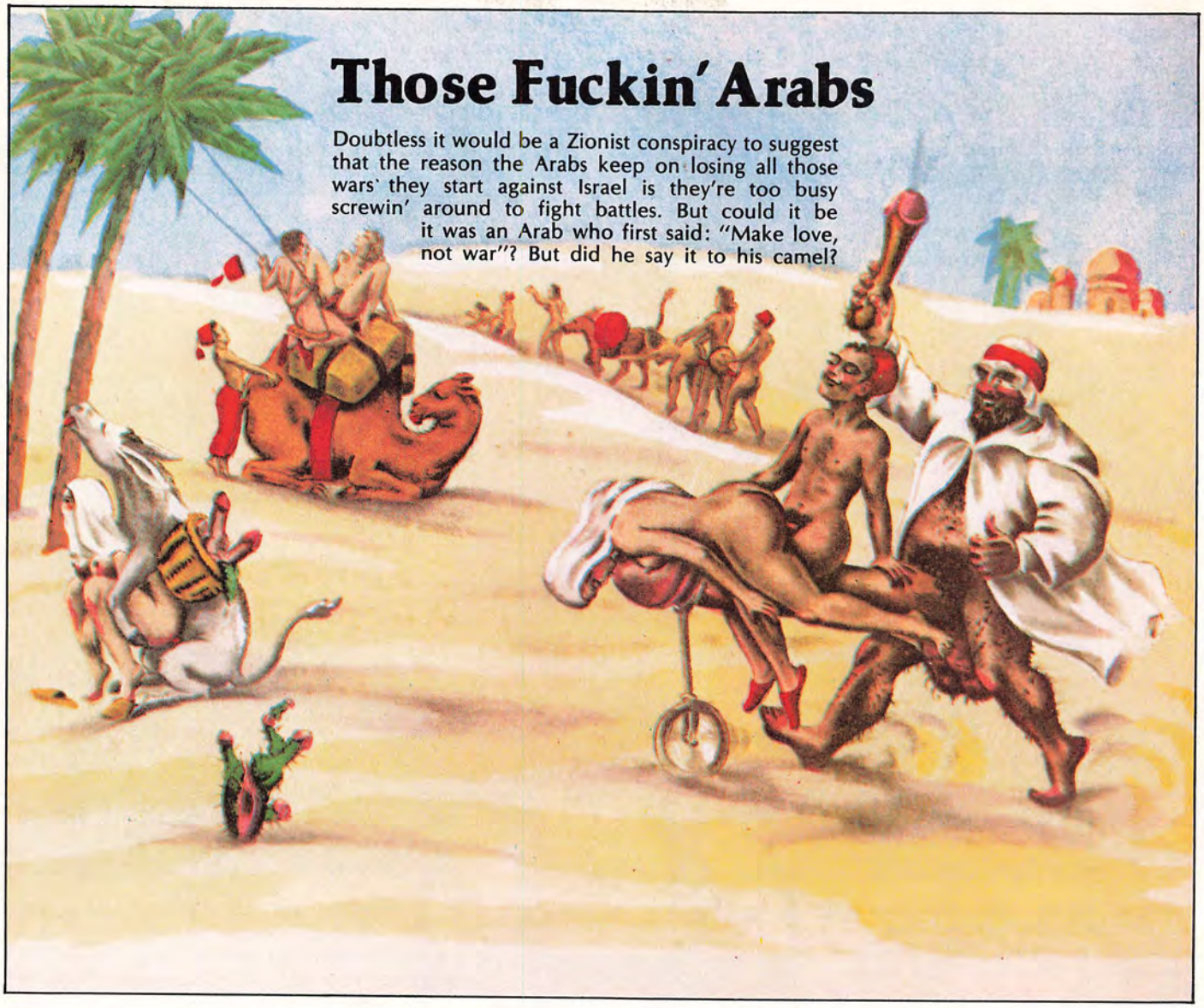
"I was stark naked, blindfolded, lying on the floor with someone licking my cock and balls in the most fantastic way. This licker turned out to be the family dog."

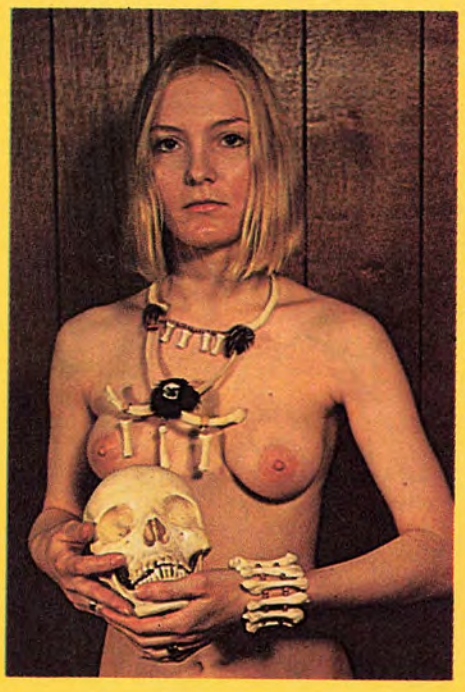
After awhile my wife began getting turned on by watching her husband being eaten and eating. Her impulses commanded her to strip completely and give the husband a good sucking. The entire episode ended up with the woman riding me with my cock in her cunt, the daughter sitting on my face while the mother finger and tongue fucked her in the ass. My wife was standing behind me getting ass fucked by the husband as he manipulated one of her tits and was getting eaten by the daughter as she manipulated her other tit.

Episodes like this, which people keep

Those Fuckin' Arabs

Doubtless it would be a Zionist conspiracy to suggest that the reason the Arabs keep on losing all those wars they start against Israel is they're too busy screwin' around to fight battles. But could it be it was an Arab who first said: "Make love, not war"? But did he say it to his camel?





Spider Webb Studios, Ltd.

Giving Head

These pictures are courtesy of Spider Webb who makes jewelry out of old bones and skulls and such. Located in Mount Vernon, the Webb studios specialize in boneyard baubles for the truly discriminating chick who knows how to make the most of a boner!



Cash In!

Make yourself a half-C by sending your unusual, perverted, sexy, titillating snatches of history and information to HIGH SOCIETY's *Silver Spoonfuls*.

Now's the time. Don't delay. We pay $50 for every one we use, and all materials will be returned. You don't have to worry that those old French post cards are going to be lost if you send them along to our "Silver Spoonfuls" editor, c/o HIGH SOCIETY, 801 2nd Avenue, Ste. 705, New York, New York 10017.

SILVER SPOONFULS

private, must be happening almost every day. At last we have a magazine—yours—which reprints these true stories for the public's reading and enjoyment.

Keep up the good work,
J.B.
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sue:

Magnificent! Delightfully dirty! Absolutely nut-wrenching! I just bought and read your magazine for the first time (November, 1976). From the stories and articles through the pictorial layouts, and from cover to cover, the content of your magazine is literally saturated with succulent, yummy, snapping-turtle puss (and even on quality paper, too).

"I was caught up hook, line and balls by your November cover girl, named, appropriately, Jackie Mellon (I'd jack with her mellons anytime!)."

I must admit that from the initial, passing glance, I was caught up hook, line and balls by your November cover girl, named, appropriately, Jackie Mellon (I'd jack with her mellons anytime!). As a confirmed ass-man, just one look at that demure, dick-teasing wench, so nudely dressed in witch garb and astride the phallic broomstick, made my tongue go hard; not to mention "Old Hercules" standing straight up in my jockless tennis shorts so poutingly stiff—and actually nodding (for which three blushing check-out girls thank you, Jackie-puss). Will we see more of her solid gold ass, Sue?

And I particularly drooled long and hard (excuse the pun) over your layout featuring Lola The Lazy, which you placed so strategically on page 69. Those breasts! That ass! The supple smoothness of it all! That fuck-me-baby-if-you-can-measure-up expression of hers played so much havoc with my hard-boiled punjab that you could have struck a match on it.

In brief, I enjoyed orgasmically the delicious obsceneliness of it all. So keep on giving us that quality stuff, Susie-puss. You're my kind of rotter, baby!

Name withheld by request
Springfield, Mo.

Dearest Sue:

Hi, my name is Debbie. My husband and I love your publication and try not to miss an issue. I have always wanted to be part of HIGH SOCIETY and maybe with my letter to you I will make it.

We are a Southern California couple who has just recently entered the world of what has come to be called "swinging!" You know, up until our first experience I never dreamed how beautiful it could be! I used to think about what it would feel like having my husband and another man make love to me at the same time, in the same bed. I often thought about this during the day while my husband was at work, and ended up caressing my breasts and aching nipples thinking about my husband's wonderful tongue rolling around and across one of them, and the strange tongue of another man giving the other the same treatment. And I finally ended up bringing myself to a beautiful climax with a vibrator which my husband bought me a while back.

Our first experience was with a young guy from Orange County, and to be honest it was nice, however not as nice as I expected it to be. When Dave came over we had a drink and then after relaxing a little, Dave, my husband and I went into the bedroom. I dropped my skirt to the floor, and then while looking directly into our guest's eyes I took off my blouse and stood in my half-bra, panties and garterbelt. I could see that Dave had also watched me, although from time to time he glanced over to the bed where my husband was lying down stroking his cock. Dave had only removed his shirt, socks and shoes. It was very clear that he was at the erection state as there was the nicest bulge in the front of his pants. I then walked over and pushed him onto the bed and removed them for him. My husband leaned over and put my breast and nipple into his mouth and began gently sucking it. Dave then took the other one into his mouth and began using his tongue on me. They each began rubbing my thighs and cunt while continuing there at my breasts. I don't think that I have to tell you, another woman, how wet I became. The three of us had many climaxes that night. We enjoyed this, our first triad or threesome, for close to five hours. This was the beginning of our life as swingers.

"My husband leaned over and put my breast and nipple into his mouth and began gently sucking it. Dave then took the other one into his mouth and began using his tongue on me."

I do not really agree with the term "swingers" as far as we are concerned because we do not go in for parties and such. We think it more sensuous and beautiful to limit our activities to getting together with another couple or a single in the privacy of our own home and not having more than one couple or single over at the same time.

I have had a few experiences of woman/woman love during the past year, but if I had the choice of one or the other, a man would by my number one choice! We (meaning my husband and I) never get involved in sexual activities by ourselves, it is a together thing with us. I really get turned on



Illustration by Marsha Tidy

watching him being turned on and he feels the same way. We enjoy and insist on being in the same bed when we get together with someone else.

Love and wetness,
Debbie
Address withheld by request

Dear Sue Richards:

One night I dreamed that I went into the butcher market and asked for 150 pounds of pussy meat. The butcher went to the back and brought out ten naked girls. They each strolled past me and shined their 150 pounds of cunt in my face. I picked one cunt. The butcher wrapped her to go. When I brought my meat home, I unwrapped her. I got undressed. I got a knife and fork and bib and started eating her juicy cunt. It was good, tasty raw meat. A little bit on the salt side. But I enjoyed it. I squeezed her tits and drank her milk. Wow! It tasted good. Then my pepper shaker got hard and I gave her my penis which was about to cum. We fucked all night. She blew my cock and I fucked her about five times. When my dream was about to end, we fucked harder and faster.

But then I woke up. I hope that one night I get this dream to cumm back. I loved to taste and suck that meat I bought at the butcher's. It was prime cut.

Fondly
Name withheld by request,
Bethlehem, Pa.

Hello Sue:

I read many articles in your "Talk to Me" column about guys who masturbate to your sexy photos, how they ache to see spread eagle beaver shots of you. But enough of men! I hope you don't mind reading the following . . . how about a little turn-on talk from a female who thinks that you are indeed a very sexy woman.

"I turn you over on your stomach, you get up on all fours, your firm ass jutting in the air. I bury my face in your hairy crack and drive my tongue in and out of your tight asshole."

My fantasy begins with meeting you at Sahara, an all-girls club in New York City. Somehow we wind up at my place. I will now begin to tell you about my behavioral fantasticism in detail with you: I slowly undress your beautiful body and lie you down on the bed. I kiss your lips, cheek, ear, behind your neck. Your nipples are firm and I suck on them. I run my tongue from your nipples to your belly, your smooth inner thighs. I separate the lips of your moist cunt, my tongue rhythmically flickers your clitoris. I do this for a *long* while. Simultaneously I finger fuck you. I turn you over on your stomach, you get up on all fours, your firm ass jutting in the air. I bury my face in your hairy crack and drive my tongue in and out of your tight asshole, etc. I could go on and on but I think it's best that I stop here.

L.B.
Staten Island

Ms. Richards:

I am a new reader of your mag who switched to HS because I feel like you are giving us readers and viewers what we want. That's the most sure-fire method of selling magazines.

"I love to watch my wad explode onto the heels and watch it slide down and settle between her toes—all while she sleeps."

However, I've never noticed a picture of a gorgeous pair of legs with bare feet. I'm a foot fetishist and my ultimate sexual pleasure is loving a lady's clean, pretty feet. I love to kiss and lick a woman's long, slender legs and feet. I'm especially fond of toe sucking. I would like to see a picture of a girl holding her feet beside her head where I can see her face and also the bottoms of her feet. Closeups of the bottoms of female feet are rarely seen and there are lots of foot fetishists out here!

My wife blows me while I lick and love her feet. Many times I've masturbated standing at the "foot" of the bed while the bottoms of my wife's feet are together, lying there so pretty—heels, toes, oh those beautiful, long, slender feet! I also love to watch my wad explode onto the heels and watch it slide down and settle between her toes—all while she sleeps.

So, HS, here's one for you! Please help all of us foot lovers out. There certainly could never be a legal problem concerning the publication of a picture of the bottoms of a woman's feet, now can there?

C.D.E.
Address withheld by request

Dear C.D.E.:

I have heard the call, and I intend to get right down to the bottom of this problem. Letters like yours help keep me on my toes!

Dear Sue:

I thoroughly enjoyed your interview on St. Louis TV last Sunday (Oct. 17th). You certainly projected a wonderful personality, and your straight-forward answers were great.

You have the beginning of a wonderful magazine—but don't ruin it by going "dirty sex" like the kind published in *Hustler*. As far as I'm concerned, and I think most people agree, the best sex is clean sex—which gets me to the point of my letter.

Most western men have been circumcised primarily as a matter of hygiene. The same should apply to women. With the foreskin or hood removed, it eliminates the possible collecting place for smegma, and leaves that beautiful jewel, the clitoris, exposed and free for more sensitive contact in fucking and cunnilingus.

I speak from experience. Up until my wife had this minor operation, her orgasms were few and far between. Removal of the hood has really made our sex life. Her climaxes are spontaneous and multiple—at least three to my one.

But back to your magazine, which features some exquisite beaver shots, that would be improved if the clitoris were exposed; i.e. photographing circumsized women, or having the girls pull the hood back to show "the little man in the boat," if it doesn't distend sufficiently for exposure when excited. It's just a suggestion, but I think it would put your magazine "out in front" in more ways than one.

Best Wishes for success,
W.D.
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sue:

Out of all the men's magazines on the market, I have chosen HIGH SOCIETY as number one. Let me tell you why. I am a water sports freak and I almost came in my pants when I picked up your December issue and saw a picture of Amy Hoffenheimer peeing. There is nothing I enjoy more than watching a girl squat and let the golden stream fly. I often wonder why men's magazines do not show this type of thing since it is a great turn-on to many people.

Yours,
M.S.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear M.S.:

There are so many different turn-ons in this world it would be impossible to show them all in a single issue. As for the "golden shower" shot which got you so hot, I've received several letters from readers begging me not to print any more "filthy pictures" like that one. So what's a poor girl to do? I just can't please all of my readers all of the time. I'm doing the best I can, though, and I'm happy that the pretty pisser gave you such a blast!



"NOW GO, ROZMOR, GO. FUCK CITY HALL."



Stranded on a desert island with no flag to fly, she contrives attention getting device.

LORNA DUNED

When the yacht went down with all hands save the two belonging to top Philadelphia socialite Lorna Van Cleve herself, her first problem was swimming to land. Upon reaching a desert island, her second problem was shelter. So she erected a thatched hut . . . And then it was time for Lorna, full-blooded young debutante that she is, to come to grips with her third problem: sex, or, to be more accurate, the lack of it due to the lack of a man with whom to have it. So the strong-willed deb simply had to take herself in hand!





Reminiscences of a stranded siren include: finishing school and the first time she ever felt a hot, wet tongue moving deep inside her pussy; initiation into an exclusive college sorority by fucking a Great Dane; a coming out party where four bluebloods forced their cocks into four of her orifices at the same time and how she was all-over cum with their orgasm and her own; that time the chauffeur almost ripped her asshole out raping her because she'd gone too far mooning him for fun; the time she'd backed her steaming quim through the curtain at a country club party and some anonymous cock had screwed it the best ever! And now all Lorna has to fall back on is self-help movement!





Impolite Society



Fantasex or *Heavy Load*. Sex-wise, however, he's having a ball. The three women in *Peach Fuzz* are such knockouts that each of them could inspire a eunuch, let alone a hot-blooded male like Hurst.

Jean Dalton, as the Georgia Peach, is an earthy honey-blonde with the body of a virgin and the soul of a whore. Called upon to service three farmboys during a mock rape scene, to participate in several sizzling threesomes, and to individually gratify the professor, Phyllis, and Steve, she comes up—and goes down—smiling.

As Phyllis, Hope Stockton is the type of beauteous Nordic blonde one sees on billboard posters across the nation. Her unspoiled charms could get a rise out of a dead man—or even a jaded old porn maven like me.

Last, but hardly least, Michele Damon is an eyeful as the rump-sex enthusiast. She's one of those hot-blooded brunettes that millions of men pine for—but seldom ever meet except in dreamland.

Although *The Spirit of Seventy Sex* opens a little late to capture the gung-ho bicentennial crowd, it nonetheless offers us a ribald look at our founding fathers and mothers. But if you're hungering for an authentic look at Revolutionary War sexcapades, you had better look elsewhere. For one thing, most of the American patriots in this film are found living and fornicating in Massachusetts, which is fine for Paul Revere and the Minute Men. However, George Washington was a Virginian, and Ben Franklin, though Massachusetts-born, was residing in Pennsylvania. As for Virginians John Smith and Pocahontas—they're not only living in the wrong colony but in the wrong century. Let's just shrug and call it pornographic license.

The Spirit of Seventy Sex has no plot, only a series of sex loops bound together by a narrative delivered by a two hundred and forty year old man, who remembers all those "degenerate bastards" as though they lived yesterday before everything "turned to shit."

First we witness George and Martha Washington getting down to the nitty gritty on their transplanted farm. Later in the film, the ever-horny Martha develops a split personality and fancies that she is Betsy Ross, sewing her little heart out over the American flag. She's so delighted with the flag she doesn't know whether to wave it or wear it, but ultimately, of course, she wears nothing as husband George gives her a quick plow. Why a quickie? Because, as George claims, "I have to be down to the Delaware early this evening or they won't leave a seat for me." When George isn't poking Martha with his pecker—and sometimes when he is—he enjoys breaking up the monotony by doing Richard Nixon impersonations.

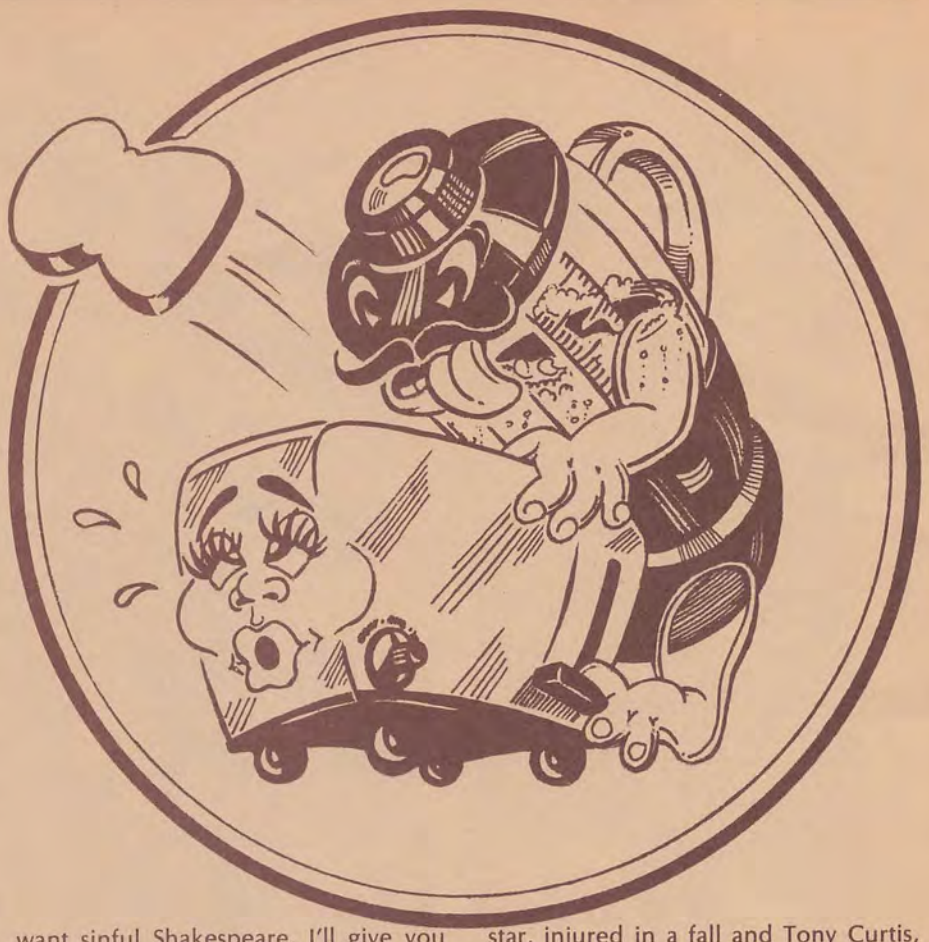
Other humorous episodes center around kite-flying Ben Franklin, who notes with pleasure after getting a glimpse of snatch: "What a pretty beaver! I think we'll have to make that the symbol of Oregon someday." Or Paul Revere's lady, who sighs at the moment of climax, "The British are cumming! The British are cumming!!" And I mustn't forget John Smith, who

CONTINUED ON P. 76

Pen Pricks

By Gloria Leonard
star of Misty Beethoven





In the past, I have explored various aspects of porn on camera; I have profiled the super studs and sultry seductresses of the sensual screen and hopefully, tossed in a few tips for improving your own performance (by now, it is evident that the best "home entertainment center" is not made by General Electric). This month, I would like to turn to the men who write the screenplays for X-films, those unsung heroes whose fingers fly across the keys of the typewriter so that our fingers fly across everything else.

I recently spoke with X-filmwriter, Max Nathan, whose current script is in production. It is titled *Dirty Tricks* and he describes it as a story of politics and passion. I asked him about his pre-porn background and he told me he began doing straight, commercial jobs and that at one time, he even wrote copy for menus. "I'm the guy who originated the phrase, 'tender young chicken, simmered to perfection' and also 'delectable, milk-fed calves,' that was also mine. The one that I am proudest of is 'our own succulent sauce.' " Pretty spicy stuff! For a time, Max was employed by several toy companies, writing instruction booklets. " 'Insert tab A into slot B,' was one of mine. Some may dispute it, but trust me. I was the first guy to say it."

This business seems quite removed from plotting out erotic epics, but Max denies that. "I think my early stuff was as dirty as it gets . . . what do you think I *really* meant by 'slot B?' " I accused Max of not being serious with me but rather, tongue-in-cheek. "And everywhere else," was his reply.

Max stresses the need for variety and he aims to please. "I try to give the people what they want. If the intellectuals want sinful Shakespeare, I'll give you *King Leer*. If the medical community lusts after X-rated X-rays, I'll write them into a script. I look at it this way: I may not agree with whom you lay, but I will defend to the death your right to lay it, or him, or her or whatever."

I was especially interested in his views on the coming trends in cumming. "Sex cinema is ready for the big time," said Max. "*Alice in Wonderland* grossed a million dollars in a single week in October. More people saw that film in that one week than any other picture in the entire country. With money like that around, it will be possible for porn to break out of the old molds and go for the big time productions, lush and lavish."

Max Nathan draws much of his inspiration from great Hollywood films of the past. He feels that the porn industry has a lot to learn from the major studios. He has a script in the planning stages for a circus epic, inspired by the classic *Trapeze*. "I can remember moistening a movie seat as I watched Burt Lancaster, the embittered aging star, injured in a fall and Tony Curtis, the brave young hopeful cavort with each other in those sexy, rippling tights."

Max went on to reveal another idea he has for a future screen adventure. "We need a sex spectacular to reveal another side of athletics. We need to see what goes on inside a jock's head as well as inside a jock's jock."

Given this idea, Max is now developing it into a screenplay concerning the erotic side of the Olympic games. It spotlights the extracurricular training of a young woman track star on the American team—a sprinter, specializing in the 100 yard dash. Max has entitled the story, *Come Running*, and claims to have been inspired by the women's gymnastic teams, which were so popular in the last Olympic Games. These women have spent years getting their bodies into perfect trim. Who could resist the implications? Certainly not Max Nathan. "Even schleppy Princess Ann on her horse suggests a few possibilities," offers Max. He is in raptures as he contemplates the dor-

mitories of Olympic Village. "Just think, all the world's best bodies gathered in one place. They've got women who can wrap their ankles around your back, around your neck, around whatever you want. What a setting for a sex story. And we haven't even touched on the swimmers, the wrestlers or the Japanese Women's Volleyball team."

Max's often ludicrous (but certainly amusing) imagination reverts back to his childhood. "When I was prepubescent, sex was largely on my mind, so I scratched my head a lot. Although I didn't realize it at the time, where I really wanted it, was between my legs. I was troubled by erotic dreams and one recurring dream in particular used to give me sticky sheets every time. I would dream that all the stuff in our kitchen would come to life like some dopey Disney cartoon. Knives and forks would do the fox trot, plates would fly around the room. Then at the stroke of midnight, my toaster would do it to the refrigerator. Appliance sex. I had a very lonely childhood. I still think about it today. I keep hoping that one of these days the *High Society* centerfold, Society's Child, will be a Waterpik. I've even thought about a science fiction film, *Planet of the Appliances*, where Roddy MacDowell plays a blender and Tuesday Weld portrays an oversexed radio."

I asked Max whether the legal system has put any obstacles in his path, which led us into a discussion of the side show of Memphis, that travesty of justice, the Harry Reems trial. While we agreed that it smacks of kangaroo courts and Salem witch hunts, Max is always working on potential material and thinks the situation suggests a fantastic idea for a movie, in the tradition of great courtroom dramas, such as *Twelve Angry Men*. Max describes a courtroom scene. Twelve citizens are sitting in the jury box (sounds dirty to me) inflamed by the explicit evidence, madly groping each other. And what does the judge really do behind the bench? What goes on when the judge calls the lawyers for private consultation in chambers? Sounded like "The Harry Reems Story" to me. Max adds, "Sal Mineo played the title role in *The Gene Krupa Story* and he did his own drumming. Do you suppose we could get Robert Redford to play Harry Reems and do all of his own, so to speak, drumming?"

Max has another script (why not) in the development stages concerning food and sex. "The sex and food link might not be so far-fetched," he says. "Consider this. A Marxist interpretation of pornography might go as follows: Whatever is in short supply, is considered pornographic. Thus, in Victorian times, when people didn't get out much and consequently, didn't get much, it was fucking that was considered obscene. Perhaps in the future, when overpopulation results in shortages of food, eating will become the ultimate pornographic act. Food as sex. The next forbidden fruit may well be peaches. Eating your girlfriend will be okay but eating her apple pie will be against the law."

Max is obviously quite oral and I listened droolingly as he whipped up a few more sex/food thoughts:



"Mothers will warn their daughters not to have sex with strangers. 'He just wants to get you alone to offer you some candy,' Mama will warn. *Screw* magazine of the future will publish explicit photos of meatloaf. The diner of today may be the bordello of tomorrow. From French postcards to French restaurants in 200 years. The Freud of the future will reveal the edible complex; if you dream of sucking a cock, it really means you have a perverse desire to eat a banana. Illicit eating will be grounds for divorce so you'd better not come home with ketchup on your collar. Julia Childs is the Linda Lovelace of the future and Sara Lee may be the next Terri Hall. Dirty old men in raincoats will whip them open and flash a pot roast. There will be whole new dimensions to the "heat and eat" syndrome. But some things will always be with us. Mothers will still tell their kids, 'Don't play with your food.'"

Trying to get back to reality, I asked Max Nathan whether he thinks his films are inspired by people's day-to-day sex lives, or if their sex lives are inspired by the movies. He felt it worked both ways, each titillating the other.

"Sex films have changed not just how people *view* sex, but how people *do* sex," asserts Max. "Surveys indicate that oral sex is being practiced more now than ever before. Gay and bisexual trips are now very chic and more recently, S & M is enjoying a certain vogue. I'm convinced there are fashions in sexual behavior much as there are fashions in clothing."

Of course, this prompted Max to describe yet another idea for a film which is centered around a Paris fashion house that turns out not new dresses, but new erotic activities.

"The biggest scene in the film takes place in Paris at the fashion house of Yves St. Lurid. It is the day he is about to show his new fall line, and everyone who is anyone is there—the press, the jet set, the most beautiful and sophisticated trend setters in the world. Picture a crowded room, the gallery of the salon, a long runway down the center and these stunning six foot models come down the aisle showing off the latest creations, as Yves describes them: 'Next, we have Babette, showing position number forty three, destined to be the rage of Seventh Avenue. And here we see Marcel and Yvonne demonstrating position 678. Note the exquisite stainless steel trim and the fine detail work on the leather. And, of course, we have Chloe displaying the masterpiece of this collection, position 234. Note that the goat and the jack hammer are not included; they are only accessories.'"

Max urges his colleagues to take a tip from Hollywood—cowboy movies, tales of the French Foreign Legion, pirate films, purse snatchers (snatch snatchers), etc., as possibilities for future fuck films. He is especially fond of science fiction and the possibilities of docking maneuvers, lunar lust and of course, the first zero-gravity fuck. "One small suck for man, one giant fuck for mankind." (*It Came From Outer Space* may one day evoke greater significance

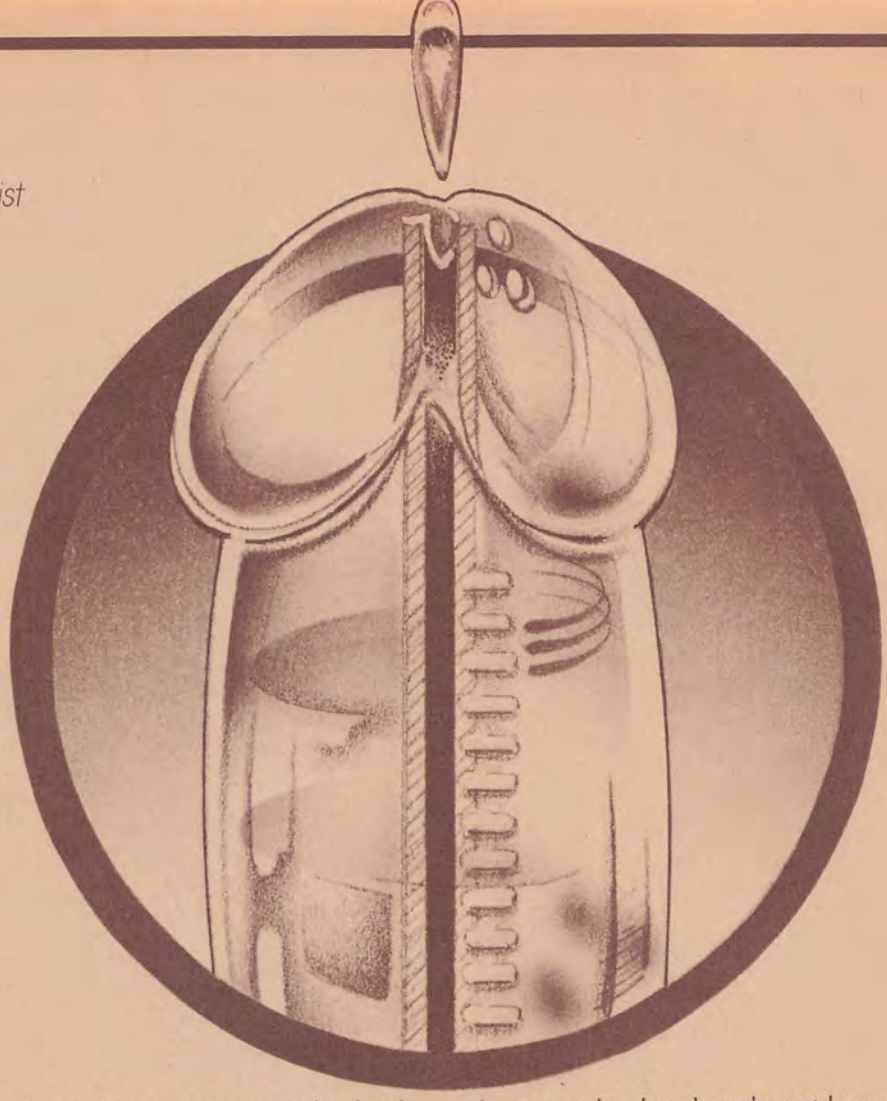
CONTINUED ON P. 74

How Cum?

By Carole Altman

author of *Be Your Own Sex Therapist*





Lights flash, bells ring, screams escape from their lips, as they both explode in a frenzy of passion and pleasure. Their bodies merge into one, spasms of climax course through them. They smile beatifically, their bodies and souls satiated.

Somehow, scenes like this don't occur every time two people make love. Most often lovers experience a great surge of pleasure, a joyfully warm feeling, a moment in which they are truly merged with the universe—but—they don't usually feel it at the same time. They don't usually climax together as described above.

There is no doubt that lovemaking is one of the most wonderful experiences in life. There is no doubt that sexual pleasures, and sensual joys are the pearls of life, the moments in which we are most alive. I will never in any way negate this absolute truth.

However, it is essential that lovers understand their own sexuality and sensuality. It is imperative that you don't allow the media, the Madison Avenue rhetoric of what sex should be, to tell you what sex should be to you personally. You are the only one in this entire world who can possibly know what pleases you; what sends you to the stars; what makes bells ring for you. No one can tell you that, just as no one can really describe it, exactly the way you feel it.

Sexual pleasures are as varied as there are people. Varieties and intensities of orgasms are infinite. A touch on my cheek from a man I truly love can be, to me, more precious, more stimulating, more satisfying, than the most skilled, technically adept lovemaking. We each have our own barometers, our own preferences, and our own needs.

Don't allow magazine articles, books, films, TV commercials, and the cocktail party chatter of your friends to dictate to you what your sex life should be. Be aware of what you want for you. Know your own body, your own senses, your own needs—and fulfill these as you want to. If bells ring for you when you touch someone's toes—then that's beautiful. And if bells don't ring—if your eyeballs pop—then that's beautiful. If you get a warm glow, and feel totally at peace without any of the ringing and the popping—then that too, is beautiful.

You are the only judge, the only jury, the only authority for what your own sexual pleasures are. Too often people come to see me because they feel they are "sick." They want treatment for a sexual dysfunction because they read an article which conflicts with their own feelings, responses and experiences. Time and again I explain to these people, that they do *not* have a dysfunction, they do not require therapy, they are individuals with very personal and unique feelings and responses.

Lately, thousands and thousands of women across this country have been seeking sex therapy because they feel they need help. They are women who do not climax during sexual intercourse. These are orgasmic women. They are not dysfunctional, but think they are because they are only orgasmic when stimulated orally or manually. I must stress the fact that such women are not dysfunctional!

If your woman is enjoying sexual intercourse, penetration, thrusting, screwing, humping—whatever you call it—if she does have orgasms when stimulated in other ways—then she is among the 40 to 50% of all women who do *not* climax during penetration. Some women are not able to do so.

Other women have more difficulty climaxing during intercourse but can learn to do so. Still others don't really concern themselves about it because they are enjoying their sex lives regardless of "when" they climax or "how" they do it.

Here are the facts in detail. An orgasm occurs when there is an increased level of vasocongestion (blood) in the genital area, together with a certain intensity of muscular tension. The level is a physiologically personal one, each person being able to "tolerate" varying degrees of muscle tension and vasocongestion. At the point of climax, the body spasms, releasing all the muscular tension and sending the blood coursing back through the veins. This spasm, this release, is the orgasm. As the blood takes its flight back through your body from the genital area, you take a flight to ecstasy.

A male orgasms when he is sufficiently stimulated on his penis. A woman orgasms when she is sufficiently stimulated on her clitoris. The clitoris *must* (in almost all cases) be stimulated in order for a woman to climax.

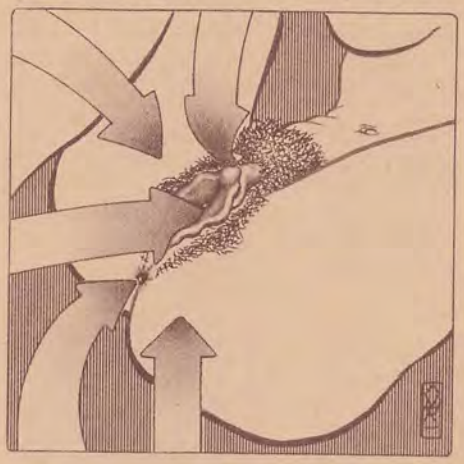
During penetration, it is very difficult to do this. Some women are physiologically unable to be stimulated during penetration because their clitoris is too high above the vaginal opening. Often, men are not long enough in penile size to be able to touch the clitoris as they thrust due to the distance of the clitoris from the vagina. This explains the problem of direct clitoral stimulation during penetration.

The clitoris is, of course, stimulated indirectly since the penis thrusts are pulling the vaginal lips downwards. As these thrusts continue, the vaginal lips are actually stimulating the clitoris. *Some* women can climax from this indirect stimulation during intercourse. At least 50% of all women *cannot*.

Given these facts, I hope the myth of vaginal orgasms can be dispelled and forgotten. During a female's orgasm, the vaginal walls contract once every .8 of a second. These are the spasms which release the muscle tension and send the blood rushing back to the rest of the body. While these contractions are occuring in the vagina, the orgasm does not originate or occur because of vaginal stimulation. It is because of the clitoral stimulation. This is the only orgasm which we know of at this time and it is a direct result of clitoral stimulation, vasocongestion, muscular tension and the resultant spasm of the body.

This is all very clinical, I know, but I feel it's important to dispel the fears and feelings of inadequacy which so many men and women are experiencing lately. Men are beginning to feel like failures if their women can't climax during penetration. Women are feeling as though there is something wrong with them. The media is bombarding the public more and more with what sex is supposed to be like, and more and more people are feeling as though there is something wrong with them.

If a woman goes to a reputable sex clinic with the "problem" of being non-orgasmic during penetration, here's what should occur. She should be told the facts as I have stated them. She should be assured that there is nothing wrong with her. She should then be informed that she may be able



to learn to orgasm during thrusting. She should be taught several positions, which allow the most clitoral stimulation during thrusting. She should also be taught to be sufficiently stimulated prior to penetration, how to use her "sex muscles" during penetration to help herself to orgasm, and how to feel relaxed and comfortable about the situation. She should also be told, that not all women can do this, and she should understand that there is nothing wrong with her, if she is one of those women.

If you, as a woman, are interested in trying to climax during intercourse, or if you men are trying to help a lover to do so, and are presently having trouble, remember:

1. It is not always possible.

2. It is not any "better" than climaxing during oral or manual stimulation.

3. Climaxing together is not so fabulous because you miss feeling the pleasures of each others' climax, as you are so lost in your own pleasures.

4. It is not necessarily the fault of either party if a woman can't climax during penetration.

However, keeping the above in mind, try the following techniques if you're interested in the experience of orgasm during penetration.

1. Position yourselves so that the penis is actually touching the clitoris as it goes in and out. Try, for example, lying sideways facing each other; the male raised above the woman, holding himself up on his hands; the woman astride the man; plus, of course, any positions of your own choosing you can discover.

2. Position yourselves so that one or both of you can stimulate the clitoris manually. (Either of you can stimulate the clitoris during thrusting. This is a sure way to experience the orgasmic contractions within the vagina while penetration is occuring.)

3. Have a lot of fun with More Play (my own words for foreplay, since I think that the play is the most exciting part of sex and there should be a lot of it). The closer to the orgasmic threshold that you are as a result of oral and manual stimulation before intercourse, the more possible it will be for you to orgasm during penetration.

4. Women, pull on your "sex muscles" during the thrusting. Contract your anus as though you are pulling your buttocks together. You will feel a tightening in your vagina and anus. This is the sex muscle you are pulling on. The more you pull and use this muscle, the stronger it will get. (Contractions of this muscle help build up the vasocongestion and muscular tension, thereby building towards orgasm.)

Orgasms during penetration are fun. Orgasms during oral sex are fun. Orgasms are always fun! But, don't feel bad, or inadequate, or a failure if you don't have orgasms in every situation. Only you can judge the level of satisfaction and pleasure in your sex life. And remember that everyone is different. What pleasures you is all that matters. Don't judge yourself in comparison to others. Live, love, and enjoy as only you know how.

However, don't hide your head in the sand either. If you're not sexually happy, then work on changing the

CONTINUED ON P. 74

The Inquiring Pornographer

By Patrisha Savage

THE QUESTION

What was your kinkiest sexual experience?

THE ANSWERS

Jeanne, illustrator, 27: My lover was on top of me fucking away, when I slowly became aware of another sensation, a licking between my thighs. This is impossible, I thought, his face is next to mine. He rolled off and I looked down to find his Great Dane lapping my cunt. Thinking teeth, I stayed calm and tried not to move. His tongue felt a bit rough but I have to admit he felt good, with a nice steady rhythm going. A dog can be woman's best friend too!



Francine, librarian, 25: On a drive through the country, my boyfriend and I stopped at an empty playground, secluded behind some trees. We felt like playing. Harry hung from the monkey bars while I sucked him off. I sat on the swing with my legs wrapped around him. He stood with his cock in me as the swing moved back and forth doing the work for us. Playgrounds are not just for kids!



Gloria, disc-jockey, 32: Last fall, I was having a glass of wine in the bar car of an Amtrack train when I started a conversation with a good-looking guy in the next seat. I was unusually horny and told him I was going to the ladies room to use my vibrator. He asked to come along. Between cars we sniffed a little coke and smoked a joint. So there we were, locked in the toilet with the vibrator cord stretched across the woman's lounge to the plug. I was sitting on the toilet seat with the machine on my clit, him in my mouth and my finger up his ass. Now that's riding the rails in style!



Fred, taxi-driver, 29: I answered an ad in the personal classifieds of a weekly sex paper out of curiosity and horniness. I was greeted at the door by a woman, about thirty-five, in a black corset, fishnet stockings and boots. She brought me to a room where another woman, similarly dressed, was laying on a waterbed. The woman who led me in undressed me and told me to get on the bed. Everything they said was a command. They were a little frightening but also a turn-on. One ordered me to suck while the other one sucked me. I was there about an hour and never stopped moving. I did whatever they told me to do. They were like starved animals and I was their prey for the day. I never worked so hard in my life nor did I ever answer another ad.



Tom, investment advisor, 35: I met a very foxy lady at Maxwell's Plum, a hip East Side bar in New York. Words led to action, right there at the bar. We balled under my raincoat with all the people standing around, talking and drinking, completely unaware of our discreet humping on the stool.



Sara, sculptor, 31: I spent a few days in an eighteenth century house deep in the country with my lover and his best friend. We all sunbathed nude so I felt relaxed and secure around these two men. It was the last day before the trip back to the city and I was game for anything. While they cooked dinner I went upstairs to put on a black satin slip, garter belt, stockings and high heels. Their mouths dropped when they saw me at the kitchen door. I asked to be tied up. They stretched me out across a four-poster bed with rope and blindfolded me. One of them used a vibrator on my open cunt while the other took pictures. My orgasm was so strong, that I swear, if those ropes weren't holding me down, I would have risen to the ceiling.



Sue, typist, 19: My dentist gave me a little gas, then squirted his air drill between my thighs to my cunt. I laughed like crazy! I stroked him while he filled my cavity. When I got home I immediately ate half a box of chocolates so I could make another appointment real soon.



Greta, real estate agent, 35: One night my lover and I were hungry for a snack, but didn't feel like getting dressed to go out. All I had in the house was a very ripe mango, a banana, yogurt, nuts and honey. We were in a silly mood and had the idea to sit in the bathtub, spread these foods on each other and lick them off our bodies. We became human plates. He rubbed my tits with mango, tipped my nipples in yogurt, and topped me off with a walnut. He said I was delicious. I slid a soft banana around his chest and sucked his honey-dipped dick.



Glenn, veterinarian, 28: I was on my way to catch a plane when I ran into a chick I'd been trying to fuck for months. I said to myself, "Fuck it," and took her willingly to the rear of the fast back Barracuda in the airport parking lot. I bumped and ground her tight little ass until I was fucked out. We stumbled out of the car and said our good-byes before I ever did get her number.



Vintage Vamp: A History Of Pornographics

By "Richard Merkin"





The erotic photograph is as old as photography itself. No sooner had Frenchman Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre produced the first successful daguerreotype in 1839 than someone—perhaps he himself, perhaps an eager associate—snapped a shot of some anonymously naughty *jeune fille sans chemise* and pinkly puckering. Thus was born the profitable business of pornographic picture-taking.

Pornographic daguerreotypes still exist. They are exceedingly rare and very much sought after by collectors. Between their appearance and the waning years of the Victorian period, photography had become the primary mode of expression for the popular erotic statement, out-selling written pornography.

And why not? After all, the photos offered the Real Stuff, the McCoy, the Secret Life itself, revealed, not in words or paintings but in The Flesh. It showed real men, real women, real dogs, real monkeys, real children and real what-have-you, caught with their pants down, their pegos up, their pert pubes prettily parted.

By 1875, or thereabouts, pornographic photography was a flourishing, if rather clandestine, trade in England and in France. In this country, it was not until after the First World War that it gained a real foothold. The impetus, in large measure, can be traced to the discoveries of the American doughboy in France. By the late 1920s, the production of the pornographic photograph for popular consumption was a relatively robust, if highly precarious, venture in the U.S. Its main producers were in New York and Chicago, but within time Los Angeles, too, became highly active in the field.

The years from the late 1920s to the beginning of the Second World War might well be termed the "Golden Age" of American pedestrian pornography. A great many of the classic "shootings," some of which deceptively appear to have been produced earlier, were certainly done within this era. However, it is true that by the commencement of the 1930s a significant amount of activity within the field of pornography produced for the American market, was taking place in two locations outside the country: Havana, which had become a highly fashionable international vice center; and a number of Mexican border towns unimpeded by laws governing obscenity.

In a personal vein, I, myself, began seriously collecting vintage pornography towards the end of the 1960s. I had been introduced to such matter quite early on, during a fairly urban Brooklyn boyhood in the 1940s and early 50s. I recall seeing pictures, in point of fact, at such a tender age that I couldn't really fathom just what was happening. Still, there was little doubt in my mind that whatever it was, it was highly intriguing.

I managed to salvage a number of items over the years, through high school, college and into what I might term my "young manhood." By my early teens I was familiar with the various porn peddling dispensaries that existed, at that time, in the city. Forty-Second Street, for example, from

CONTINUED ON P. 78

On The Author: "Richard Merkin" is the obvious nom-de-plume of the celebrated Bon Vivant and Renaissance Man who authored this article. Best known as a painter, he is also a dedicated collector of vintage erotic photography and would welcome correspondence (via this magazine) regarding this field.



This elaborate, if somewhat pretentious example of 1930s American pornography is part of an extensive series on this group of girls. In each shot a different one takes a turn in foreground.

Also from the '30s, this group scene was shot in New York City. It is a rare example of bi-racial erotica. Such "mixes" became common in late 50s.





Some of the '30s art was positively surrealistic. Consider this shaved beaver shot with Carole Lombard-ish outerwear.



Lingerie model pix taken by famous fashion photographer.

A touch of class was aimed at, if perhaps missed, with such props as white summer shoes with very high heels, the stylishly rolled stockings, and, hallmark of this model, alabaster bakelite shades.





Known in the trade as a "Basement Special," this photo was the fitting before the fucking.



Lassitude became a vogue in Depression Era porn in this country, while in France and England the schoolgirl motif came first.



Right: a very rare American cabinet card circa late 19th Century.





In Europe, in the '30s, basic hotel room scenes such as this one were common. Later imitated by both Chicago and New York erotic photographers, it is difficult to distinguish between the schools of pornography.



These two photos are from a set of twelve privately shot pictures taken around 1953 in New York City. The Coke bottle, the cigarette and the garter-belt are considered to be classic props, but the ladder is an innovation in terms of that period. Both poses are typical '50s.





Lesbian photo (left), with an exotic touch provided by the leopard skin rug, is a turn-of-the-century classic which found its way into a lot of the best collections of erotica. Girl-girl shot beneath is French, vintage early 1930s. Tenderness was in with fem gays back then.





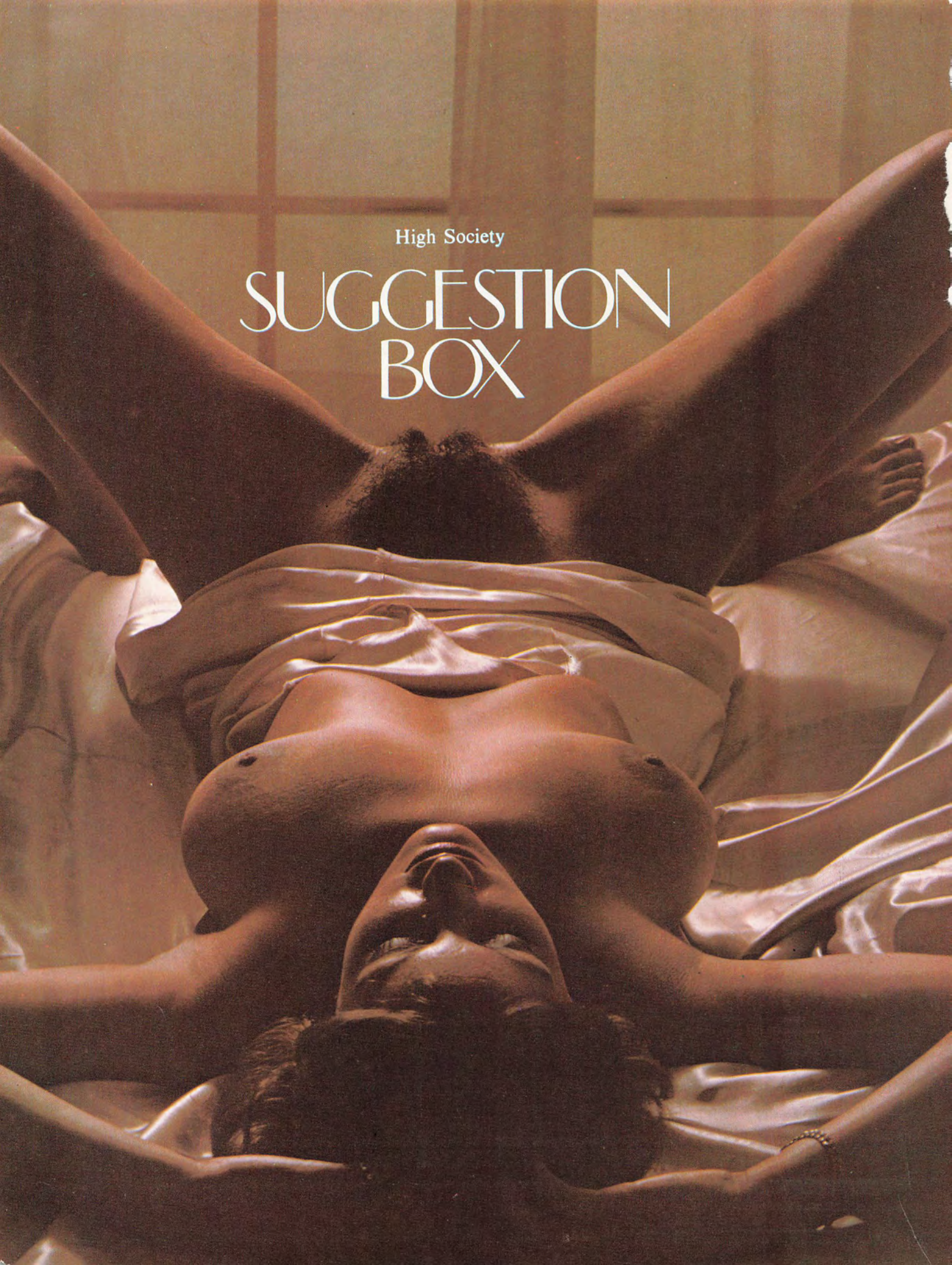
Group scene below is from one of the most popular and frequently reproduced shootings of the 1930s. It was supposedly taken in a Havena bordello, but it has not been possible to absolutely authenticate this.

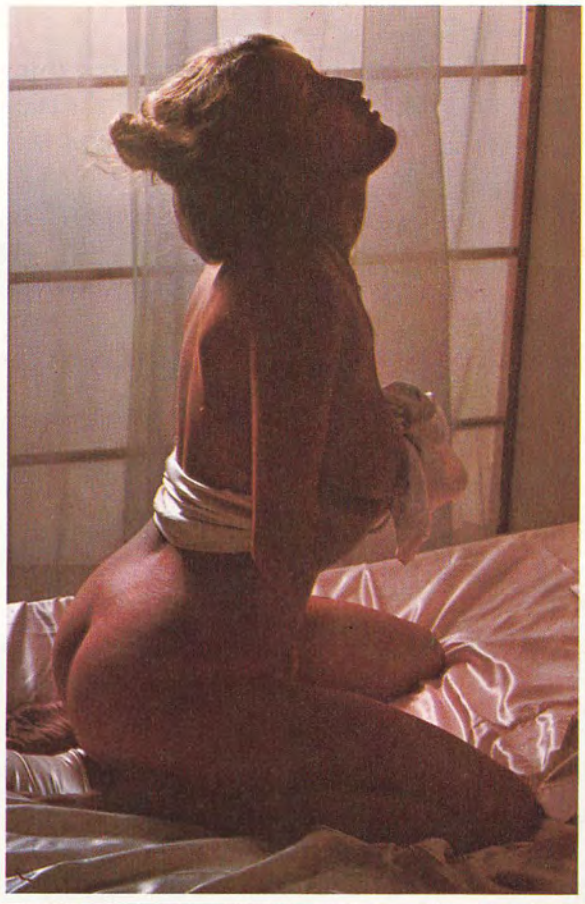






At left and above are two more photos taken by the same fashion photographer who shot the lingerie models on the previous pages. There were over 200 original negatives in this file.


High Society
SUGGESTION
BOX



IF YOU'RE A COMPANY MAN, THEN CAREFULLY CUT OUT THESE FOUR PAGES AND POST THEM IN A PROMINENT PLACE!

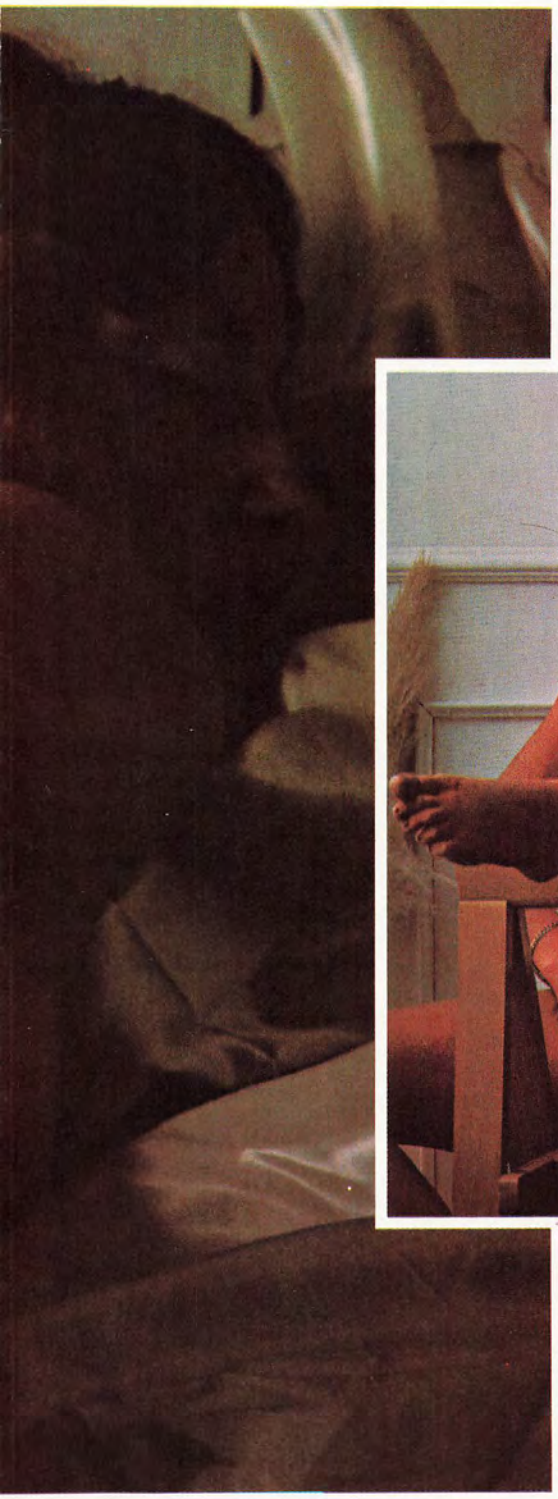


In placing this suggestion box as prominently as we could, our company is following up on its long-held policy of bringing employees into the decision-making process. It is our belief that the creativity of the lowliest worker, once properly stirred up, will surely make a contribution to the welfare of the company as a hole. We trust that all of the members of our great big happy company family will use this box freely, will not hesitate to make frequent insertions, will stuff it until it overflows. If something is bothering you, why not just drop your load in the slot. Ideas? Stick 'em in the old box, gang!

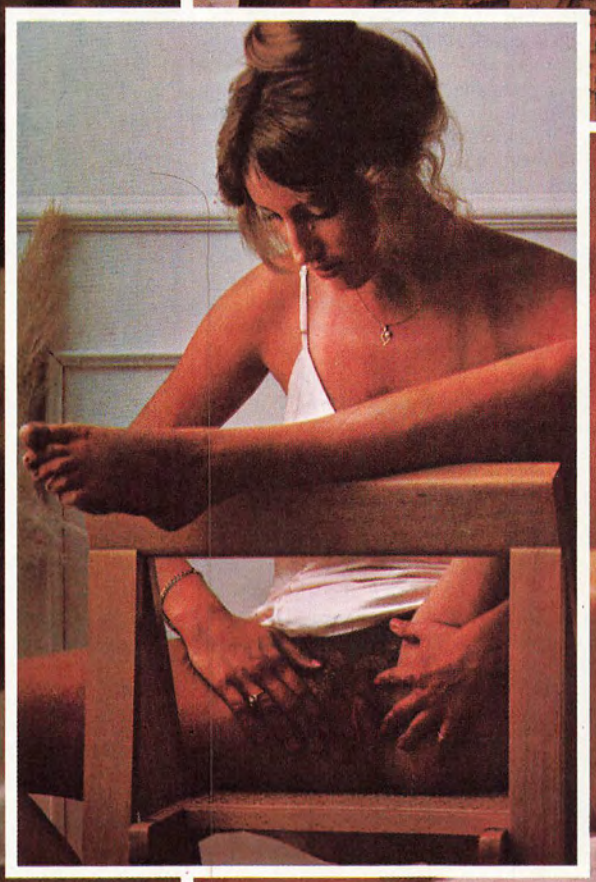
Remember that frequent intercourse between management and employee is what makes things bounce around here! And this box is one way we can be sure to keep 'em bouncing! So use the box to give to the company in the same way the company has always given it to you!

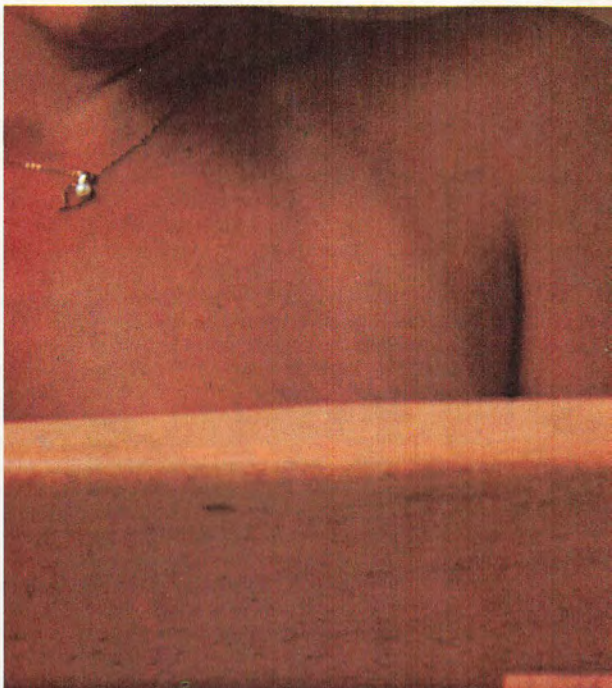


IF YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TELL YOUR BOSS TO GO FUCK HIMSELF, HERE'S HOW!











The Professional Pimps Guide To Making Pussy Purr

by Richard Milner

If you want to know how to harness a raging river, break a bucking bronco, or control a nuclear explosion, you go to a man who gets paid to handle these elemental forces—a professional. So if you want the best advice about handling a woman, why not ask a professional?

Forget for a moment, all the nasty things you have ever heard about pimps. Your mother (who pushed your father around) and your female teachers (who pushed you around) have programmed you to believe that pimps are the lowest, filthiest form of life. And that sentiment has been echoed by the mouthings of countless politicians who promote public puritanism while they privately pay for pussy.

Oh yes, there are brutal pimps and sadistic pimps and stupid animals who like to think of themselves as pimps, but so are there quack doctors and shyster lawyers who feed off the miseries of the weak. But these are not the true professional managers of women, the witty, sexy masters of female psychology who represent the best of the pimp tradition.

And tradition it is—a set of techniques and philosophies that have been developed and handed down in the special world known as "The Life" or "The Sportin' Life"—a subculture which flourishes in all major American cities. It is a world of custom clothes, Cadillacs, and cocaine, where the woman is the breadwinner and the man is the undisputed ruler and sexual prize—a scene with rules and a language all its own.

Brock is a handsome, well-built Black man in his mid-thirties. He is not a product of the ghetto, but a child of the suburban middle class. He has four ladies who work for him, and he has become accustomed to living in luxury. His "main lady" or "bottom woman" is a statuesque blonde known as Crystal. I met them when I was researching a book on the pimp's world which was published a few years ago under the title *Black Players* (Bantam Books).

After I gave him my pledge not to expose his real identity, Brock consented to "give up some game" for the readers of *High Society*, so that what he calls "square dudes" could pick up a few pointers on the manly art of managing women.

Brock is elegant but inconspicuous, and keeps himself well in the background. He is the manager of his "stars," and although he takes most of their money, he does not participate directly in their daily business. The art and profession of controlling the female mind and body is called "The Game," and the pimps themselves are known as "players." A good pimp, a gentleman pimp does not buttonhole clients or "tricks" for his ladies. The little jive dudes you see peddling their girlfriends on the street, with their cheap "Superfly" gangster hats, are petty hustlers, not true players.

The women are the breadwinners, and the fact that they sell their bodies is really secondary to the importance of their position as providers and money-makers. At a pimp party, one notices that the women take a quiet pride in dressing their men superfine, just as a hard-working businessman takes pride in showing off the fur coat he has bought for his wife.

In fact, the average "square" would be quite disappointed at what goes on at a typical pimp and "ho" party. Usually, all the women will be over at one end of the room and all the men will be gathered at the other, just like a junior high school gym. There is very little socializing between the sexes and most of the girls are dancing alone or with each other.

When you reflect that one streetwalker can bring in at least fifty thousand a year, you can understand why the women are instructed not to dance—or sometimes even to talk—to any of the other pimps. Without restrictions and rules within their own group, everyone would be hitting on each other's broads and the place would turn into a bloodbath in fifteen minutes.

As an observer at pimp's parties and other events, I began to realize that what a pimp prizes most in his woman is not sexuality or promiscuity, but steadiness, loyalty, and consistent devotion to him in the face of constant distraction and temptation.

When you visit a player and his lady at home, she will make a conspicuous display of being attentive to his every need. She will be constantly checking the refreshments, lighting his cigarettes, bringing him drinks, emptying ashtrays, and so forth. Unlike her "liberated" suburban counterpart, she is never allowed to utter such sentiments as, "Get up and get it yourself."

Pimps are actors, perhaps the finest actors who ever lived. Manipulation of the moods of women calls for a calculated alternation of kindness and "coldness," and such dramatic "props" as flashy clothes and cars add to the theatricality. While amateurs are always playing to the gallery, trying to establish a flamboyant "street rep," the more successful and sophisticated players save their best performances for their women only.

Therefore, I was not surprised when Brock's penthouse apartment on New York's fashionable East Side turned out to resemble a movie set. The place is lavishly decorated with plush carpet, chrome and glass tables, and fine sculptures. Brock graciously offered me my choice of booze, cocaine, or a joint.

"First of all," he said, pouring himself a glass of Chivas, "the average dude has to realize that he is asleep when it comes to women. He thinks it is normal to be manipulated by women. He thinks the woman is doing him such a big favor by giv-

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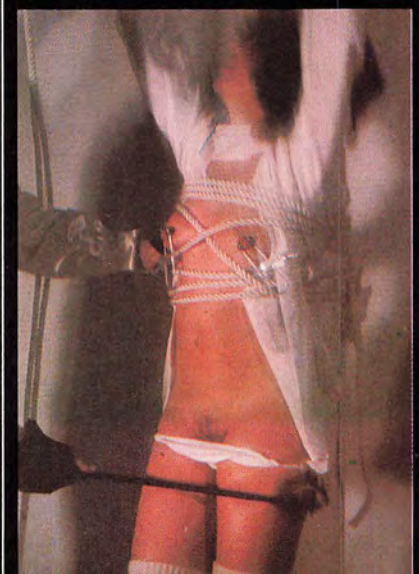




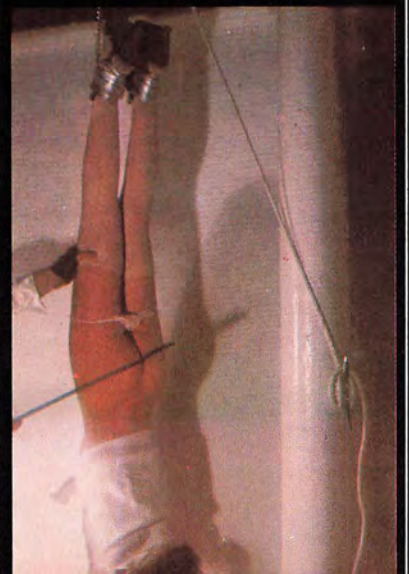
"I left home in a small town in New York when I was young," says 25-year-old artist Wendy Williams. "I traveled in Europe for two years and lived in Florida and Colorado. I've made it with lots of different guys in almost every different way, and although my sex drive is so high some people think I'm a nymphomaniac, I find most men rather boring at this point in my life.

"It's not that I'm into women, although I like a good threesome once in a while. It's just that, you see, even though I'm one of the most independent women you'll meet, I like a man who can dominate me. I like to be the Slave and the man the Master. Most men neither have the ability, self-confidence or the understanding to fill the bill. But for the true Master I will do anything.

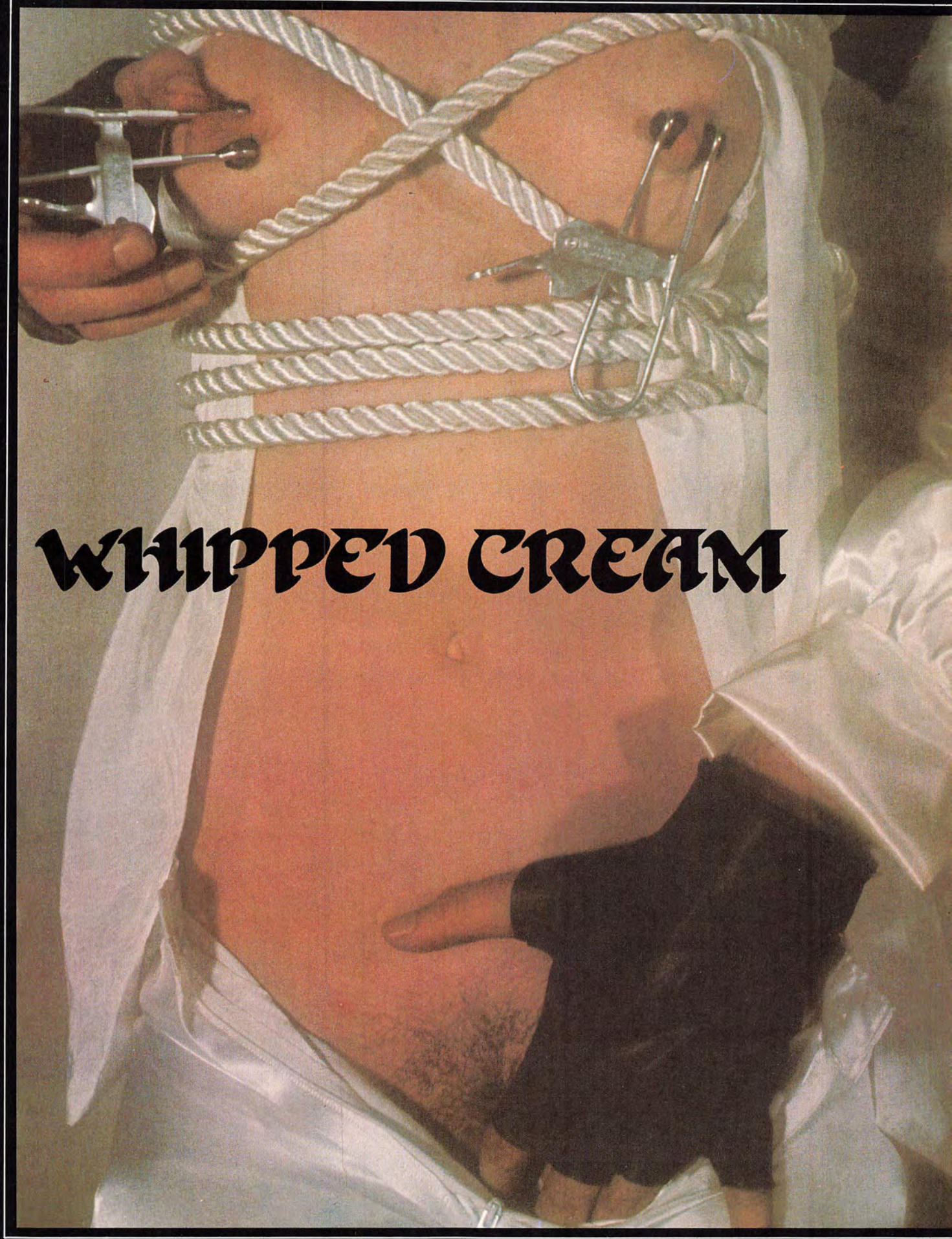
"The true Master does not dominate the Slave by force at first. The Slave must seek the Master out and submit to him. No Slave tells the Master what to do. The Master knows. Just thinking about the Master makes me wet. I can come over and over again for hours when I am in his presence. He can fuck me wherever he wants. I am his pleasure object and I worship him."



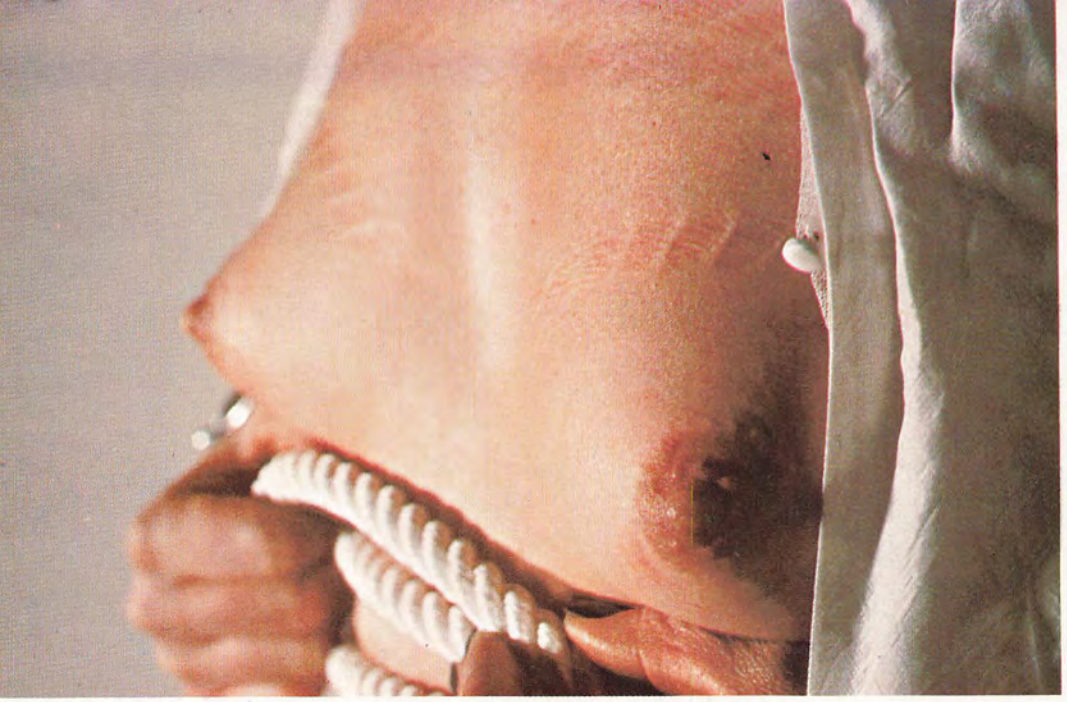




PHOTOS BY ROD SWENSON



WHIPPED CREAM

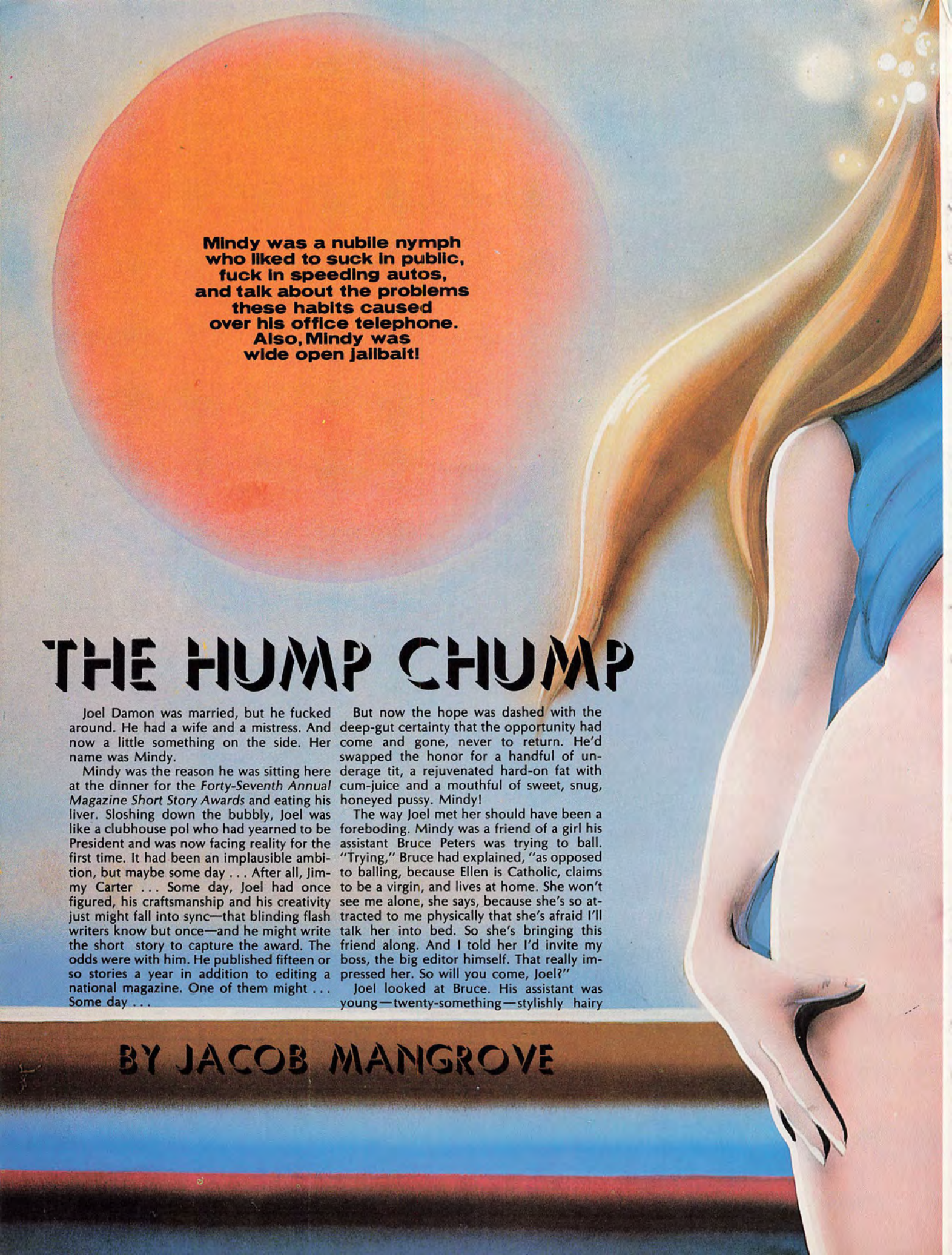






Contrast heightens any sensual experience, and that's why I like the skilled application of a whip before I fuck. The cold stinging sensation of the leather before my Master puts his hot stiff cock inside me makes me scream with pleasure. If he wants to punish me, he does not whip me. When he tells me to bring him his whip and pull down my drawers, I know I've been good.





Mindy was a nubile nymph who liked to suck in public, fuck in speeding autos, and talk about the problems these habits caused over his office telephone. Also, Mindy was wide open jailbait!

THE HUMP CHUMP

BY JACOB MANGROVE

Joel Damon was married, but he fucked around. He had a wife and a mistress. And now a little something on the side. Her name was Mindy.

Mindy was the reason he was sitting here at the dinner for the *Forty-Seventh Annual Magazine Short Story Awards* and eating his liver. Sloshing down the bubbly, Joel was like a clubhouse pol who had yearned to be President and was now facing reality for the first time. It had been an implausible ambition, but maybe some day . . . After all, Jimmy Carter . . . Some day, Joel had once figured, his craftsmanship and his creativity just might fall into sync—that blinding flash writers know but once—and he might write the short story to capture the award. The odds were with him. He published fifteen or so stories a year in addition to editing a national magazine. One of them might . . . Some day . . .

But now the hope was dashed with the deep-gut certainty that the opportunity had come and gone, never to return. He'd swapped the honor for a handful of underage tit, a rejuvenated hard-on fat with cum-juice and a mouthful of sweet, snug, honeyed pussy. Mindy!

The way Joel met her should have been a foreboding. Mindy was a friend of a girl his assistant Bruce Peters was trying to ball. "Trying," Bruce had explained, "as opposed to balling, because Ellen is Catholic, claims to be a virgin, and lives at home. She won't see me alone, she says, because she's so attracted to me physically that she's afraid I'll talk her into bed. So she's bringing this friend along. And I told her I'd invite my boss, the big editor himself. That really impressed her. So will you come, Joel?"

Joel looked at Bruce. His assistant was young—twenty-something—stylishly hairy



—beard, long curls—and brash as a stallion in season. He had a smile like lamb's wool and now he was wrapping it around Joel. Aside from that, Joel was intrigued. "How old is my blind date?" he asked. The situation amused him; it was like being an adolescent again.

"Search me. I never met her. Ellen's age, I suppose. Somewhere around twenty."

"Jesus Christ! In not so many years my daughter will be 'around twenty'! . . . And does 'around' mean over or under? And if it's under, just how far under?"

"'Around' means around," Bruce said soothingly.

"She probably has a faceful of freckles, buck teeth and braces," Joel grumbled, his incestuous subsconscious hard at work describing his daughter.

He was only slightly right. Mindy had a smattering of freckles, true, but certainly not a faceful. And her teeth were small, sharp, straight and free of hardware. Also, she did look 'round twenty.'

She was a contrast to Ellen, the girl Bruce was bent on laying. Where Ellen at first seemed a tight-ass type with her brown hair pulled back behind her ears and only a constant fidgeting with a clasp over the nipple of her breast giving away her heat for Bruce, Mindy conveyed from the very beginning a swinging looseness, the come-on-strong feeling of thighs sweet with cream and easily parted, an Irish blonde brashness that wordlessly challenged a man to touch, to taste, to dip, to fuck. Nor did it stay wordless for long.

They had gone to one of those restaurants where every table was in a dark corner and the minimal candlelight concealed the clinches and the jerkoff action under the tablecloth. Here Bruce had managed the seating so that his body was effectively between Ellen and the other two. With his back cutting off all four-way communication, Bruce had quickly plied Ellen with a trio of martinis and was now at the point where she had done a Jekyll-Hyde and was willingly hefting his cock while pouring out a torrent of reasons why she wouldn't let him fuck her. Booze evidently had that effect on Ellen.

Mindy had only one drink. She seemed more amused than offended by Bruce and Ellen and the way they were ignoring her and Joel. At the same time Joel sensed that she was turned on by their hot fumblings, by a glimpse of Bruce's hand moving under Ellen's dress, by Ellen's tugging at the lump in Bruce's pants.

Joel, the product of a more inhibited generation, pretended to ignore them. "Are you interested in writing?" he asked Mindy.

"Not particularly. Why should I be?"

"Well Bruce mentioned that Ellen was, and you're her friend—"

"I'm a Chemistry major."

"You go to school?"

"Yes." She told him the name of it.

Joel's face said he'd never heard of the school.

"It's a private school. All girls. Catholic. Small. Very strict."

"Then you don't write." It wasn't one of Joel's brighter nights.

Mindy shrugged. It nippled her sweater and telegraphed that she wasn't wearing a bra.

"You do—uhh—chemistry." Joel felt clumsy—the generation gap maybe.

"No. I study it. Because I have to study *something*. They make me. But I don't *do* it."

"Then what do you do?"

"I fuck!" Mindy told him loud and clear.

"I beg your pardon?" Joel's startled response was automatic.

"I fuck." She repeated it, slipping the middle finger of her right hand into the loose fist of her left and moving it back and forth. "Also I suck!" Mindy was staring straight into Joel's eyes. "I love to suck older men," she told him.

"I'm not sure this is the place to—" That was as far as Joel got.

Mindy reached out with unmanicured fingers and with one single, sure gesture she pulled down the zipper of his fly. Just as smoothly, she reached inside his jockey shorts and extricated his prick. It was semi-erect. She slid to her knees and was lost under the tablecloth.

"I don't think you should—"

Too late! Mindy's tongue was under his balls, tickling and teasing at the bottom of the crack in his ass. Gently, she sucked one of his balls into her mouth, tongued it and popped it out again. She repeated the maneuver with the other ball. Then she ran her tongue up the length of Joel's now stiff prick, kissed the tip, and stretched her mouth to take the already cream-leaking hard-on deep into her throat.

Jesus H. Christ! I don't believe this is happening! Joel stared down at Mindy crouching under the table, her green eyes peeping out at him from where she'd raised the tablecloth, her mouth moving busily over his jizzum-filled prick. *Holy shit*!

Mindy removed her mouth, held his cock against her cheek and spoke in a hoarse whisper: "This gets me so hot I'm dripping," she told him. "If I keep it up, I'm going to cum off right away. But I want you to cum with me. Are you ready? Can you do that?"

"Yeah!" Joel was beyond caring if they were detected; he was that primed! There was no place for all that cream to go but out—right into Mindy's hot, wet, willing, cocksucking mouth!

Mindy retreated back under the table. This time the tablecloth covered her fully. Beneath its concealment she tugged down Joel's pants and jockey shorts. She pulled up her sweater and rubbed his sweat-slick balls against her breasts. The nipples probed his scrotum. Then she licked the head of his cock, working her tongue in and out of the hole. She replaced his cock in her mouth, dropped one hand between her own crouch-spread thighs, reached inside her panties, found her erect clitty and strummed it in time with the slide-suck she was performing on Joel.

Joel's head was thrown back, his eyes half shut. Mindy sensed his readiness. Her mouth tightened convulsively over his cock as she felt herself starting to cum. She sucked his prick halfway down her throat and then her throat muscles worked with vagina-like contractions. Joel exploded into her like a geyser and she swallowed hard and rapidly, all the time cumming off herself.

There was more than she expected. She couldn't take it all. She gagged and had to spit him out while his cock was still jerking spasmodically and spurting cream. The jizzum sprayed over her face and hung there like globs of aspic.

"Can you hand me a napkin?" Her sweater was still up over her breasts and her nipples stood out like twin, little boy hard-ons. Her skirt was raised, her panties pushed aside, her fingers still deep inside herself. Her glistening face was the visage of a soiled hoyden. Impish green eyes sparkled with lewdness.

Joel hastily handed her the napkin. He remembered that they were in a public place. He zipped up his fly and looked around him. Everybody was busy with their own scene. Nobody had noticed.

"Ellen and I are going to split." Bruce's voice impinged on Joel's consciousness as Mindy pulled herself up alongside him and smoothed out her skirt.

"Uh. Yeah. Okay."

"You'll take Mindy home." Ellen seemed to take it for granted.

"Okay."

And then they were gone and Joel and Mindy were alone. "If you're going to take me, we'd better get started," Mindy said. "Curfew's at ten."

"You're kidding."

She wasn't.

"Where is your school?" Joel asked.

She told him. New Jersey. *West* New Jersey!

Shit! Joel didn't say it aloud. He just paid the check and escorted Mindy out of the place.

"We'll never make it by ten o'clock," he realized awhile later as they started across the George Washington Bridge. "What kind of curfew is that for a college anyway?" he asked.

"It's not a college. It's a private high school."

"A high school?" Suspicion quickly hardened to certainty. "Say, Mindy, how old are you anyway?"

"Seventeen."

"Welcome to New Jersey," said the sign at the toll booth, reminding Joel that he'd just crossed the state line with a minor he'd recently used (did the Mann Act work retroactively?) for immoral purposes.

"Shit!" This time Joel did say it aloud. "Seventeen! Shit!"

"Old enough," Mindy told him. "Fuck me and I'll prove it."

"We don't have time."

"I mean while you're driving. Here. I'll show you how."

And so she did. She pulled off her skirt and panties to display a plump ass and a high, lightly hairy mound cleft deep and pink. She separated the lips of the mound with her fingertips. Her clitty was hard and glistening. She proceeded to twang it.

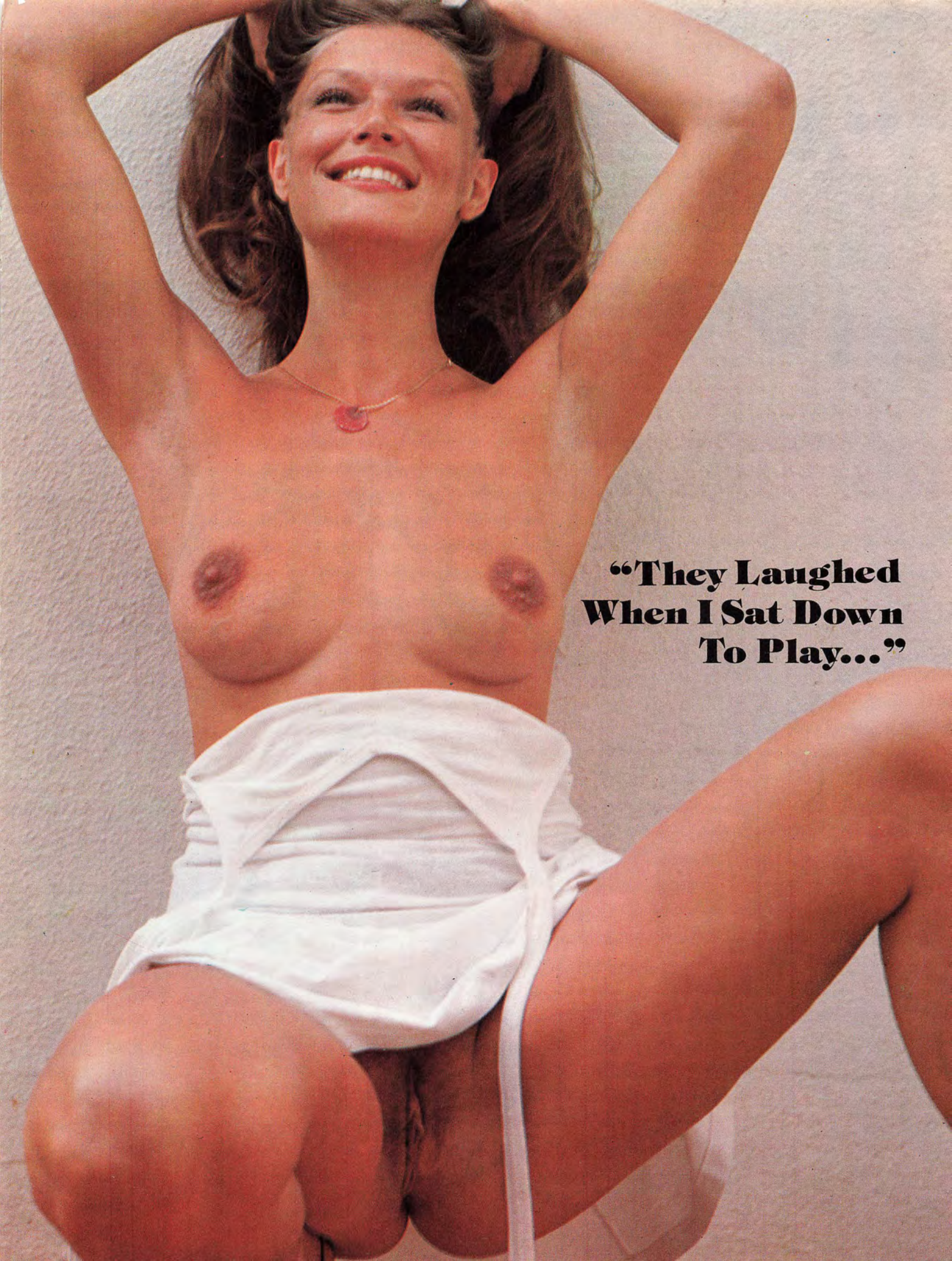
Joel got hard as a rock. His prick rose straight up, tented his pants, and banged against the steering wheel. Mindy giggled. She reached out and freed it from his pants. Then she stroked it, her green eyes eager, her tongue licking her lips, her other hand still strumming her hard, hot clitty.

"Fuck me!" she said hoarsely.

"Are you crazy? I can't fuck you while I'm driving." But Joel's eyes weren't on the road; they were on that narrow pink cunt spread wide on the seat beside him.

"Sure you can. Just angle over on your hip a little bit." She curled spoon fashion and pushed her plumply provocative ass against him. With her two hands she spread her pussy so he could see it between her legs from behind her.

CONTINUED ON P. 74


"They Laughed
When I Sat Down
To Play..."

"Although Mater and Pater were quite eager that I should pursue my career as a piano virtuoso, the verdict at the conservatory was that my fingers were nimble enough, but nevertheless not suited to the keyboard. My tinkle on the ivories brought only polite smiles and titters from my instructors, while my five finger exercises were so jangly as to make them wince. They allowed me to stay on out of kindness, making no secret of their opinion that my rhythm had definitely been found wanting. I was disappointed, of course, but I was not about to let myself be deprived of music because of their opinions, no matter how expert such opinions might be. I therefore took to making music after hours, when the lights were out, when my nimble fingers were free to roam according to my own inner rhythm, when I could even tinkle any way I felt like tinkling without worrying what those in authority might think. Now my five finger exercises were symphonies of sensuality in delicious harmony with the erotic visions filling my head. Perhaps I did not master music at the conservatory, but I surely did learn to play!"






Society's
Child

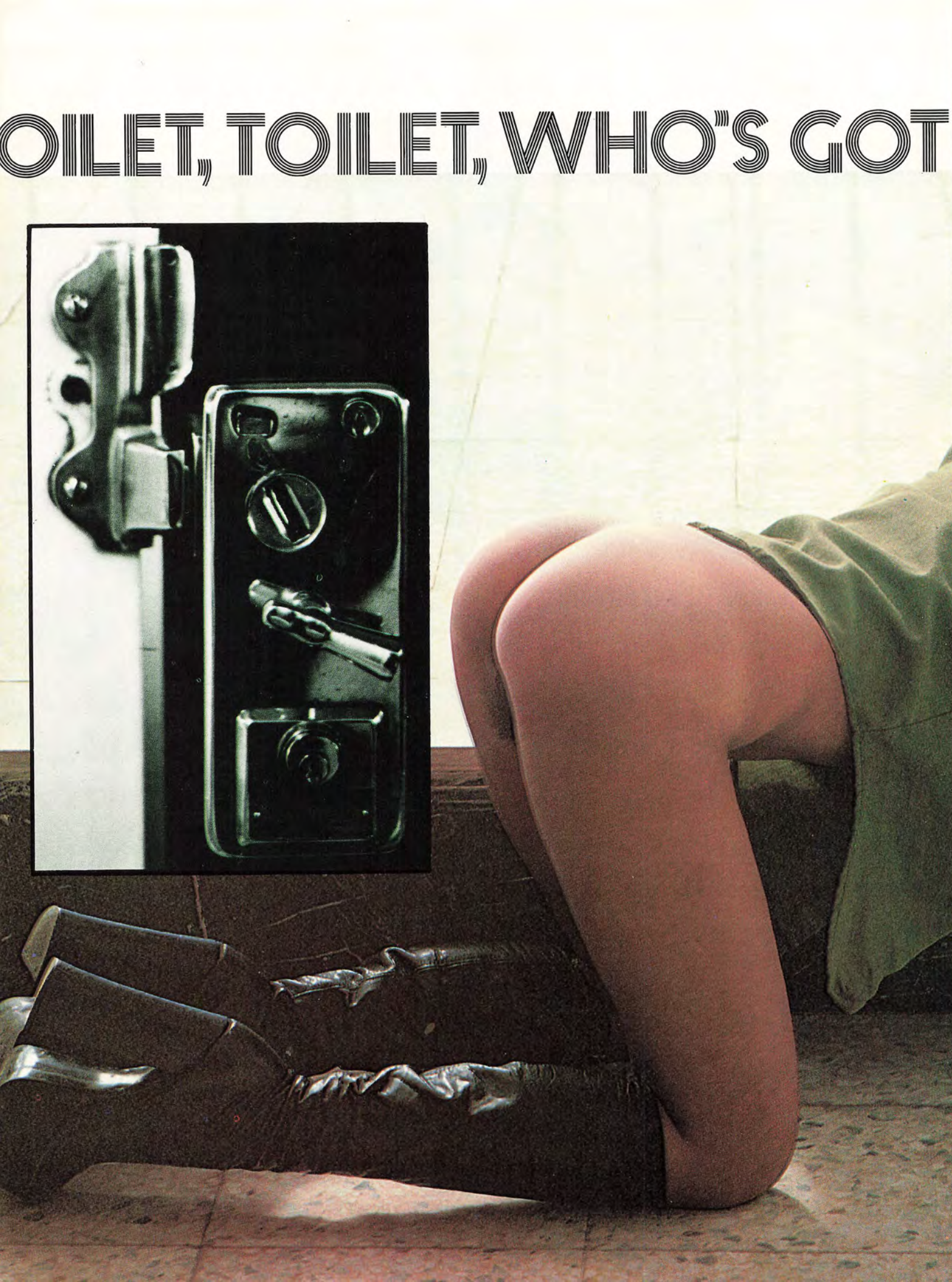


This debutante may not have much of a sense of rhythm, but, oh! how she can beat out that tempo in the bush!



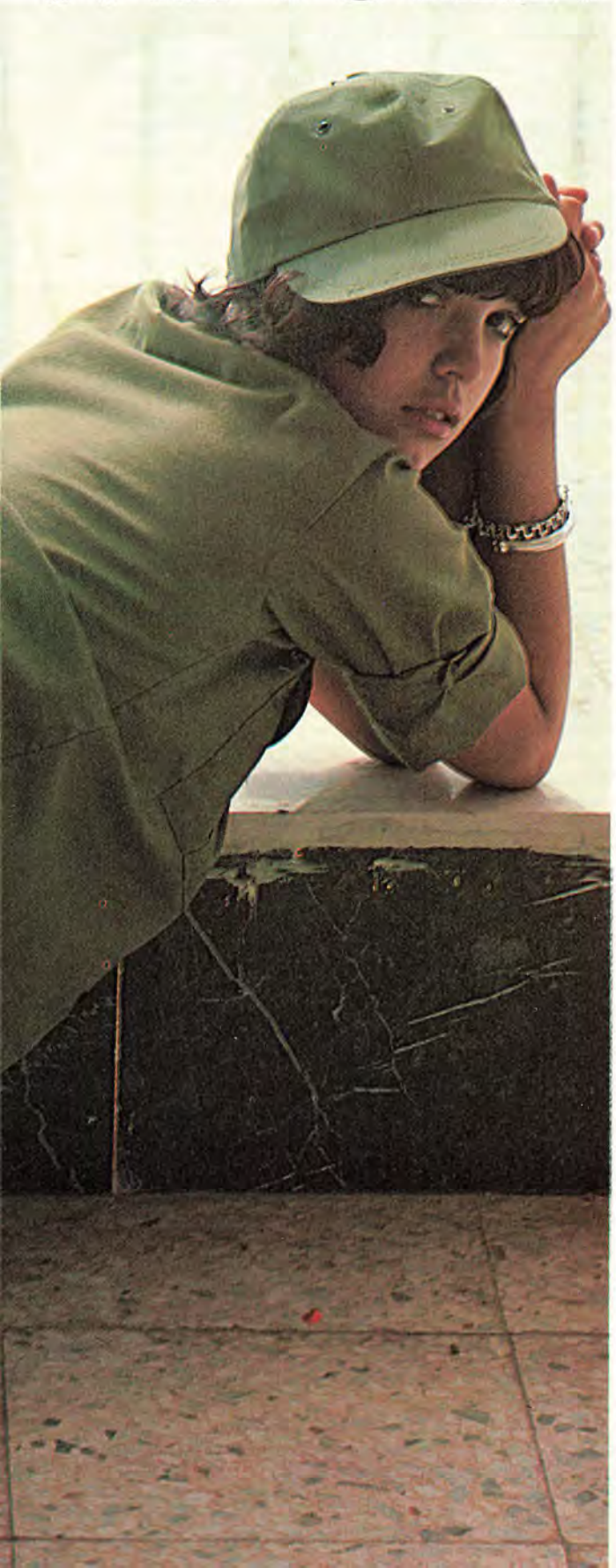


OILET, TOILET, WHO'S GOT



THE TOILET?

By Leonard Lane



It may be reasonable to assume that the simple act of pissing shouldn't pose undue hazards or uncalled-for risks, but don't bet on it. Consider the experience of Ed Gorham. One day last November, while Gorham was going about his business in New York City, he was suddenly overwhelmed—as it can happen to anyone—by an urgent need to pee. Accordingly, he darted into a nearby office building, which happened to be one of the city's newer, high-rise towers.

After doing a quick turn around the spacious lobby, which turned up no sign of a toilet anywhere, Gorham hopped into one of the elevators, somewhat anxiously thumbed a button at random, and was quickly whisked to the 8th floor. When the doors opened, Gorham, listing somewhat to port, sped down one of the corridors. He believed that relief was only moments away, but his optimism was short lived. What he thought might have been a toilet door was firmly locked. Panicky, he tried others. The only one that opened turned out to be a broom closet. His need growing, Gorham burst into the reception room of the nearest suite of offices.

The attractive receptionist slid back the glass-divider panel. "Whom do you wish to see, sir?"

"No one!" Gorham gasped, his eyeballs pounding under the mounting strain. "All I want is to use the men's room!"

The receptionist explained that the washrooms were kept locked for security purposes, and that she didn't have the authority to give him or any other non-employee the key. With a quick flick of her wrist the glass panel slid shut.

Gorham staggered out into the hallway, some thirty-six years of impeccable toilet training eroding with each passing second. He just barely made it back to the broom closet, unzipped, and pissed a Niagara.

But his ordeal wasn't over. While furtively zipping up, he was apprehended by a member of the janitorial staff. The spreading puddle between Gorham's feet damned him. Held until the police arrived, he was promptly arrested and hauled before a local magistrate where he told his story.

Gorham drew a twenty-five dollar fine and a stiff tongue lashing from the unsympathetic judge. Abashed, humiliated and flushing with guilt, Gorham murmured appreciative thanks for the court's leniency, pocketed his checkbook and fled.

He was only one of many victims of a common plight. The scarcity of public toilets throughout our great land is not merely frustrating, but something of a conspiracy as well. For a nation that can boast putting a man on the moon, little if anything has been done to accommodate the average man-on-the-street's most basic needs.

In Europe this is scarcely the case. In cities like Rome and Paris, outdoor urinals are as commonplace as newsstands; which not only shows a lack of prudishness, but a realistic recognition of the human condition. The fact that we are seriously remiss in this vital area is not only true of our cities, but along our highways and byways as well.

Dave Fuller's case is typical in many ways, extraordinary in others. A salesman, Fuller was driving along a secondary road between Youngstown and Akron (in Ohio) when the need to take a crap gathered inside him with all the sound and fury of an approaching thunderstorm. Over the next few miles Fuller checked two gas stations, but as usual their single accommodation was booked solid with a waiting line. The moment of truth closing in, Fuller pulled up before a glass-enclosed, roadside fruit stand. Breathing heavily, Fuller asked the owner if he could use his toilet, figuring the guy had to have something available for his own use.

But Fuller got the old brush off.

"No toilet," the man muttered. "You wanna buy apples, I got great Cortlands."

With a stroke of what had to be pure genius, Fuller bought a fairly large pumpkin for fifty cents and then streaked for the nearby woods. Within the safety of the screening trees, he got out his pocketknife and sliced off the top third of the pumpkin. Dropping his pants, Fuller squatted down and resolved his problem in reasonable comfort on his impro-

TOILET

vised commode.

Fuller's follow up move can only be described as poetic justice. Before leaving the woods he positioned the sliced section of the pumpkin atop the lower part and carried it back to the stand. Unobstrusively, he stood the shit-filled pumpkin alongside the door where it would catch the warming rays of the afternoon sun. Then he drove off.

Fuller is convinced that making poo-poo in a pumpkin is something of a first and that he should be written up in the Guinness Book of Records. Naturally, this writer can't make a judgment on this point, but Fuller certainly deserves high marks for a show of traditional Yankee ingenuity when the pressure is on.

In suburbia the toilet crisis is no less distressing. Admittedly, shopping centers have made provisions that may be termed as adequate, but like everything else these days there is the inevitable catch. Like many of these suburban malls, toilets have been subjected to what I call divisional thinking. For reasons I'll soon make clear, men are allowed to piss for free, but taking a crap is another ball game and that brings us to pay toilets. Charges vary, and the coin devices on pay toilet stall doors may exact anywhere from a dime to a quarter. It's even rougher on women, since unlike men they're deprived of a free pee. Obviously, this charge factor is just another example of man's greed, but this is hardly the worst feature about pay toilets.

To make my point, let's proceed to the case of Bob Wilkes, a Los Angeles suburbanite. While shopping in a department store in a local shopping mall, Bob got a hurry up call and after the usual search through endless back corridors he finally zeroed in on the men's room. So far so good. Since Bob's need couldn't be satisfied standing up, he checked the stalls. They were the locked, pay type, except for the single free booth at the far end; which, of course, was occupied as it almost always is. The tarriff for the pay stalls was a dime, and Bob dug into his pockets for change. Unfortunately, all he had was a quarter, a nickel and a lot of pennies. He would have gladly paid a quarter for the privilege, but the coin slot was designed to take only dimes and nothing else.

Teeth clenched, Bob stormed out and headed for the nearest cashier's desk. There was a line, of course, and when Bob's turn finally came, let's simply say he was under severe duress. Plunking down his nickel and five pennies, he asked for a dime. The girl obliged, and Bob hurried back to the men's room. He deposited the dime in one of the stall machines and turned the handle. It went *click*, but the door didn't open. One of the usual malfunctions.

There was simply no time now for Bob to go back outside and get change for his quarter. So he took the calculated risk. Since he was too big a man to try crawling under, he decided to go over. He managed to hoist himself up, threw one leg over the top of the stall's door and then the other. Bob now figured he was in the clear, but as he slid down, the metal coat hook mounted on the inside of the stall door caught the vent flap of his jacket. There was a ripping sound, a brief struggle on Bob's part to free himself, and then he fell, arms thrashing wildly.

Bob was pulled out by his legs from under the stall by two men who entered the men's room a few moments later. There was a good sized lump on Bob's head and he was pretty dazed. The experience cost him three days off the job, some medical bills, and his torn up $85 sports jacket was beyond repair. Bob was hell bent for suing the store, but a lawyer friend advised him against it, pointing out that by climbing over the stall he had made himself solely responsible for his injuries and losses.

Bob took the legal eagle's advice and decided not to make waves. But he did learn one thing from his experience—not to go shopping without a pocketful of dimes.

Beyond suburbia the toilet situation really freaks out. The beaches are impossible. No one has to be told that facilities are miles apart, and when you finally get there the lines are impossibly long. Of course, with all that water around, for pissing anyway, who needs toilets? Apparently this has become the obvious solution, and the proof is evident everytime the tide rolls in.

In the heartland of America things are even more hairy. I'm speaking now of the great outdoors, that vast network of national and state parks that lures millions of American visitors each year with their spectacular views and a grandeur second to none. Admittedly, the visual feast offers an abundance and variety beyond belief. But dammit all, where in the hell are the *toilets*?

Now some of the various parks have provided scattered toilets, but tracking them down takes the combined skills of a Lt. Columbo and a Daniel Boone. Either they're concealed in the heart of a virgin forest, or perched atop unpathed, rocky slopes that would make a Sherpa mountain guide think twice before going up.

One recent park visitor who survived one of these steep climbs while suffering an assortment of cuts, bruises and minor contusions, reports as follows: "There was no light, no seat on the can and no paper. Flies buzzed menacingly in the murky gloom, and the pungent odors made me regret I had just eaten lunch. I dared not strike a match."

Like many other brave hearts who had done the same before him, the visitor beat a hasty retreat and found relief behind the sagging lean-to while a horde of angry bees threatened to zero in on his exposed butt at any moment.

But get this: toilets in the vast outdoors are called *comfort stations*!

The prize toilet story of the year must go to Houston, Texas. This one has all the suspense and unexpected twists of a spy thriller. Alfred Hitchcock, please take notice.

The unsuspecting victim, a sales rep, had just completed a call in one of the city's newest skyscrapers and was on his way out of the lobby when the urge hit him. Checking with the uniformed elevator starter, he was told to go through a doorway off the lobby and make a right turn. He promptly followed these directions and this is where confusion set in. He made the turn, found nothing resembling a toilet and made another right turn at the end of the corridor. A door was at the far end. He opened it and discovered a short flight of iron stairs. Hesitantly, he descended, his footsteps striking hollow sounds against the metal. At the bottom he paused. A throbbing hum pulsed the air. Beneath the overhead lights the bulky shapes of huge generators were vaguely discernable. He was in the building's basement power plant. Thinking there might be a toilet down there, he wandered around and pretty soon lost his way. Worried now, he put his attache case down to try a door, and that's when the security guard tackled him from behind.

His protests got him nowhere. Bells clanged and other security guards came running. He was interrogated, bullied and manhandled. The building, corporate headquarters for one of the nation's big oil companies, had received a number of bomb threats during recent weeks and security was both very tight and very up-tight.

"All I wanted to do was take a crap," the victim kept repeating.

His captors wouldn't listen. They made him empty his pockets and stripped him to his shorts. His attache case was whisked off by a member of the arriving bomb squad. It took close to an hour to straighten out the mess. When he was finally cleared, the poor guy had been put through the proverbial wringer.

"I never did get to use the can," he commented afterwards, "but it didn't really matter. The experience scared me shitless. I was constipated for almost a week."

Which is one answer, it would seem, to the problem of toilet-toilet-who's-got-the-toilet!



"Whassamatter—you broads never seen *Lip Gloss* before?"

Reader's Fantasy #2

THE ROCK-'N'-ROLL ORGY

Dear *High Society*:
Is your Reader's Fantasy contest open to girls as well as guys? My big brother (he bought the last issue of your magazine and I sneaked it out of his room and he caught me) says it isn't, but my girl friends and I talked it over and decided I had nothing to lose by sending my fantasy. It's a really creamy hot fantasy even if I was cherry until just recently when I got popped by this really cool boy I know in the back of his car with the radio grooving out rock-'n'-roll all the time we were fucking. Since then I've made it with three other guys. (One of them had this cock that almost split me in two.) Each time it's been to a rock-'n'-roll tune. The sound really turns me on. I close my eyes and I listen and I fuck and I have this fantasy which is this—
There's this rock-'n'-roll band of dudes and chicks who go sky-high blowing grass and they take off their clothes and they start to play. The sound is really far out and it gets to them while they're knocking it out and pretty soon they're doing all these really crazy things to the music. Like the girl singer takes the mike and rubs it in and out of her crack and against her clitty until she starts to come right up there on the bandstand in front of everybody. This gets the clarinetist so hot his pecker slaps straight up against his belly hard as a rock. The chick on sax goes down on the girl singer and starts eating her pussy. (No girl—no guy either—ever licked my cunt, but I've read about it a lot and I think about it a lot and what it must feel like to have a hot, wet tongue up there eating me out and I play with myself 'til I cum sometimes thinking about how groovy it must feel.) Anyway, in my fantasy there's a lot of sucking and licking because I figure musicians must be pretty oral—at least the brass section. The music is blaring now and the clarinetist is sawing it right between the clutching lips of one of the chicks and the cat with the electric guitar is in another ones panties and there's a cock being sucked like a flute (I just sucked my first cock the other night and when

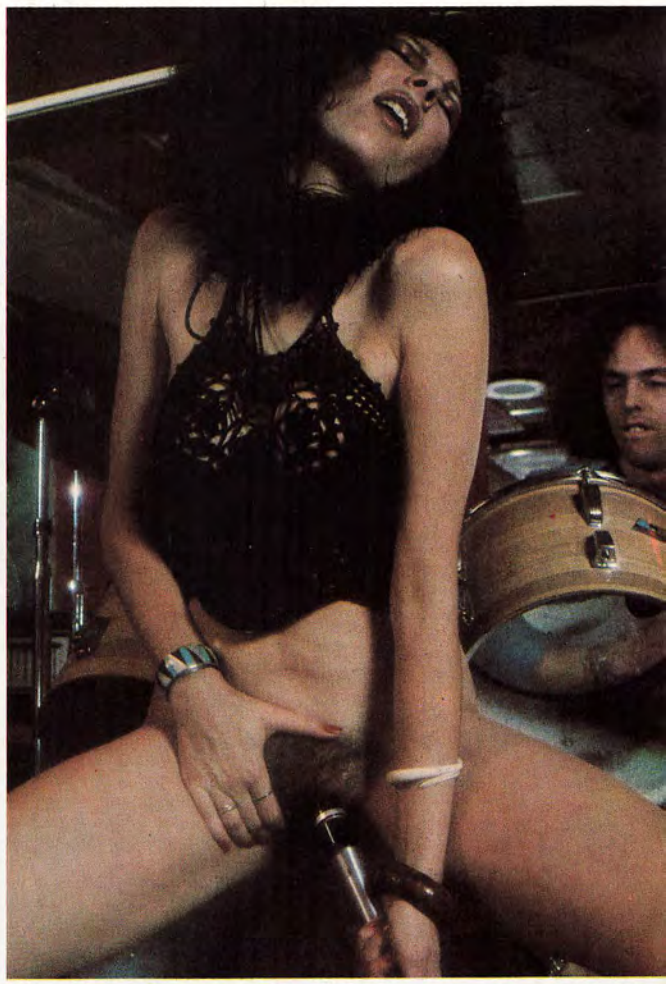


Gonna rock aroun' that cock tonight!
Gonna rock-rock-rock an' fuck so tight!
Gonna eat an' lick an' suck an' bite!
Gonna ball that band 'til mornin' light!



By the time the horn players were all strung out, the string section was so horny they called time out for a wee hours snatch snack. Oooo-eee! Eat it!









And the heat goes on while the beat goes on until the whole band is cumming with a bang-bang gig to show how lowdown lusty a one-night stand can be!







he started to cum I came too and then I came again as I was swallowing his cream and I never—*never!*—felt so naughty and so turned on!) and there's a pothead being fucked in the ass and the cunt at the same time by two musicians and maybe there's me in the middle of it all with cocks and cunts and hands and tongues doing me over while the beat goes on . . . and on . . . and on until I scream "I'm cumming! Fuck me! FUCK ME!"

Ramona Jackson, Sioux Falls, S.D.

"My first lover was a generous, 56-year-old cattle baron from Texas. He gave me 500 shares of Polaroid stock for my birthday and 800 head of cattle for Christmas. And all he wanted was a little head in return. So I gave it to him right then and there —out in the fields in the middle of his 90,000 acre ranch, with all the longhorned steers looking on. Afterwards, I licked him clean and told him he was the best daddy a girl ever had. We parted company a couple of years later, but I never forgot one thing he taught me: It's better to be kicked by a well-heeled boot than play footsie with a beggar's bare toes!"





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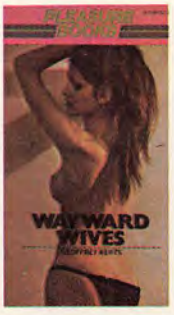
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1 **ALL IN THE FAMILY**
40112 Incestuous cummings with ever-wet Aunt Amanda.

2 **THE SEXORCIST**
40102 Satan had him by the balls and it was hard! Hard! HARD!

3 **SUPERTONGUE**
40104 Betty knew oral wasn't moral, but it tasted so-o-o good!

4 **WAYWARD WIVES**
40134 Naughty nubile nymphs no husband could ever satisfy.

5 **THE SLAVE PARLOR**
40106 Constance loved being chained, chastised and chafed in the pink.

6 **FILLING IN FOR MOTHER**
40122 Daddy's cock was so big it stretched Sister's poor hot pussy.

7 **READY FOR SIN**
40139 Every hot part of her body was a temple for phallic worship.

8 **TEEN THROAT**
40107 At sixteen Susi sipped, sucked and swallowed it all!

9 **A WIFE'S HUMILIATION**
40105 He spanked her, beat her, whipped her, and she screamed and screamed and creamed!

10 **MY SISTER, MY MOTHER AND ME**
40109 A family affair with Brother Stud servicing the slavering slits.

11 **NAOMI LICKS THE BLUES**
40123 A pothead gives head 'til the roots run dry!

12 **SUCCULENT BONDMAIDEN**
40120 Was it his cock or his cane that disciplined Carol?

13 **THE BACK DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN**
40117 A finger! A tongue! A cock! She wanted them all up her bun!

14 **THE CHILD SWAPPERS**
40103 Adults and kids in a swinging pleasure scene that breaks all the taboos.

15 **ORAL CAROL**
40124 She had a big mouth, a deep throat, and a tongue you wouldn't believe!

16 **THE MASTER'S TOYS**
40133 When the jockey rode her, he rode her deep, and he never spared the whip!



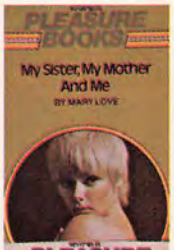
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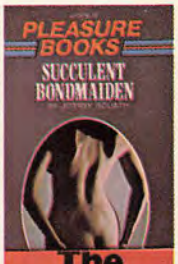
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4 Wayward Wives	8 Teen Throat	12 Bondmaiden	16 The Master's Toys

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CB TALK

By Christopher Petkanas

Q: *Recently, I have heard a lot of rumbling about frequency 27.235 MHz, channel "22A." Is this an authorized FCC frequency? How are CBs operated to use this channel? R.A., Rutherford, N.J.*

A: Dispel the rumor among fellow CBers that "22A" is FCC authorized. It most definitely is not. There is really no such thing as channel "22A." Back in 1962, when the announcement of this additional channel was first made, a big part of the industry caught on and began to produce CB units with this mythical channel. Many of the older CBs were factory equipped for operation on this frequency and it is true that some of the currently manufactured CBs will operate on "22A" when the channel selector is slowly turned back and forth between 22 and 23 with precision. There is no "22A" designated on the selector and the control will not lock-in on that frequency. Some CB owners have stock rigs *slid* for reception. The often heard "Breaker By on A," announces a caller on this channel. There are fewer CB operators using this channel (the lack of crowds is what makes it so attractive) because not all operators, like yourself, even know it exists. If they do, they are often ignorant about how to use it.

Q: *I have done a lot of research on the types of CBs made available to consumers. Despite my extensive investigating, I have not yet discovered a unit that I will be able to use in both my car and home with easy portability. Do you know one? V.L., New Orleans, La.*

A: Trans-Comm, Inc. features two product lines of portable radio units, Kind of The Road and TranS-Sportable. Contained in each carrying case, fashioned like a fishing tackle box, is a CB transceiver, AM/FM stereo radio, and stereo tape player, or any combination of the three. The convenience of the product is that it can be easily carried and hooked-up just about anywhere: cars, trucks, homes, boats, recreational vehicles, campers and motels. The unit travels from place to place in seconds and swift removal and easy storage in trunk or home cuts down the chances of theft. Every radio system in both product lines is housed in a resilient copolymer casing that is spark and rust proof and unaffected by gas or oil. The case is large enough to accommodate the microphone, antenna and other accessories. Units are furnished with familiar brand components like Motorola stereo tape players and AM/FM radios and Royce transceivers.

Q: *I am curious to learn what function a polarity inverter performs in a CB transceiver. G.R., New York, N.Y.*

A: A polarity inverter is a device that makes a faulty hook-up to a 12-volt power source practically impossible. By merely attaching one lead to hot wire and the other to ground, the polarity is automatically correct.

Q: *I know that ANL stands for Automatic Noise Limiter but I am unclear about what it does precisely. Also, many units offer AVC and AGC. Are these two different features and what do they do? R.S., Levittown, Pa.*

A: An ANL is an electronic device that is built into a radio transceiver to seek out and then limit (hence limiter) the amplitude of sharp noise peaks. It is usually controlled by an off/on switch because when it is in use it sometimes involves some sensitivity loss in the receiver. AVC stands for Automatic Volume Control, AGC stands for Automatic Gain Control, and they mean the same thing. An AVC or AGC is also electronic and it tests the audio output and adjusts the input gain up or down to fix fluctuations in the volume of the signal received.

Q: *Although my CB broadcasts clearly enough, I am often unable to hear what is being said because of all the traffic noises surrounding my car. For easier listening, I would like to install a speaker. Are there any that are specially designed for CBs? P.A., Bethesda, Md.*

A: Comm Industries manufactures two models of CB speakers for operators like yourself who are inconvenienced by loud external noises. The CBM-10 is designed for either flush or surface mount in trucks, autos, campers, mobile homes, vans, base stations, and even marinas. When surface mounted, the universal "U" bracket has an Adjust-O-Screw feature for tilting in any direction. The 3"x5" hi fidelity speaker includes a 10 oz. magnet for clarity across the entire voice range. The CBT hi compliance cloth roll air suspension speaker has an 8 oz. magnet and a pedestal that tilts for mounting in any position. Both have heavy duty speaker cable with CB adapter plug attached and a 5-year warranty.

Q: *Despite the fact that my handle is very original, I am still worried that somebody someday will think up the same name and there will be two of us on the air. Is there any place I can register my handle to avoid this conflict? M.Y., Rochester, N.Y.*

A: The National Bureau of Search and Call Registration is a "non-governmental clearing and registration house serving the CB Fraternity since 1958."

Although it is not foolproof, the Bureau concerns itself exactly with what you are fearful about: namely, confusion over more than one CBers' use of the same handle. When the Bureau receives your request for registration, it checks its files to see if your proposed handle is available. If, due to prior registration your handle has already been taken, your $2.00 registration fee is returned. Otherwise, you receive a document confirming your registered handle. The Bureau boasts more than 300,000 handles and will change your handle at any future date at no charge when you return your registration document with your new request. Under law, this registration establishes your claim to prior usage. Write: National Bureau of Search and Call Registration, Box 1976, International Falls, Minnesota 56649.

Q: *I am using a power microphone with my CB. I have heard there are things I should be careful about. Can you tell me what they are? D.D., Palm Beach, Fla.*

A: Operators employing power microphones should be careful that audio levels are set at a level that won't cause splashover on adjacent channels, over modulation, or voice distortion.

Q: *As much as I can tell, the only work a "Channel Monitor" is responsible for is hogging the channels for selfish reasons. Is there any way to deal with nuisance "Channel Monitors?" L.R., Lincoln, Neb.*

A: "Channel Monitors" should be aware that local stations may definitely not want to avail themselves of the Monitor's services. Unfortunately, many are ignorant of this. All stations that have free access to the channels may choose to bypass the monitor. A "Channel Monitor," like the one you encountered, who tries to pass himself off as such as a gag to hog the channel for his own purposes should be ignored. A truly functional Monitor disavows his own privilege to have a conversation while assuming the role of Monitor, has good ears and a good signal, and obtains the respect of fellow CBers by keeping their own transmissions short. Every transmission from a monitoring station should only consist of recognizing breakers who want to use the channel. In particularly busy times, Monitors should not fulfill requests for radio checks.

Q: *What is the origin of the SWR meter and what role does it play in CB performance? Is this meter known by any other name? B.D., Boston, Mass.*

A: The Standing Wave Ration device is called a meter, bridge, or reflectometer. It was invented during World War II, mainly for use in radar equipment. When the war was over, radio hams found use for it in the high frequency region. In a CB, the SWR meter measures the efficiency of an antenna system as the transceiver sees it. The power reflected to the transmitter from the antenna is calculated as a ratio of the power passed from the transmitter into the antenna system. The SWR should always be kept as low as possible. Be cautious of a reading greater than 3:1. There is danger of transmitter damage if the SWR is too high. An SWR meter is used to measure antenna efficiency and to tune the antenna.

Q: *I installed a CB in my car four months ago but have had so little action that I am beginning to think I should never have even made the purchase. Can you recommend any gimmick so that I can get some pleasure out of my CB? P.R., McLean, Va.*

A: Bumper stickers have been known to eliminate boredom and inactivity. Decorate your car with brightly colored stickers available with messages like "I've Got My Ears On" and "Give Me A Shout." Encouraging bashful or hesitant mobile CBers who are following you, these advertisements serve as friendly invitations to call. 73

Due to the overwhelming response to our CB contest, the deadline for entries has been extended a month. The winners will be announced in the April issue of HIGH SOCIETY.



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NO. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

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PRICKS

CONTINUED FROM P. 25

than we now imagine.)

Of Max's vast repertoire of as yet unfilmed properties, I was curious as to which one is his personal favorite. He replied, "It's titled *The Kiss That Kills* or *Fuck Me And Die.* It deals with the exploits of a contemporary woman in present day New York who may or may not be a vampire. It's got everything, hot sex, leather capes, big teeth, adventure. I think it's a winner."

While Max Nathan's perspective on "movies we'd like to see" may sound zany and irreverent, his intelligent wit is a refreshing touch absent in so many current sex films. Write on, Max. 7½

HOW CUM

CONTINUED FROM P. 27

situation. Naturally, I recommend my book entitled *You Can Be Your Own Sex Therapist*, published by Berkley in paperback at $1.95, or by seeking therapy. Of course, share your feelings with your partner. The problem of orgasm during penetration is only a problem because men and women allow themselves to be influenced by propaganda asserting that mutual orgasm during penetration can be the only satisfying sexual experience. Don't let it happen to you. Your sex life is yours. Don't let it be picked apart by strangers. Decide for yourself what you want and how to get it. Above all—enjoy—that's what sex is about. 7½

CHUMP

CONTINUED FROM P. 46

In a daze, his eyes riveted to the highway, Joel turned his body as she'd said and felt the sensitive tip of his hard-on against the slick crack of her ass. A second later her hand reached behind her and guided his prick to the entrance of her quim. It was hot and sticky and maiden tight as she wedged it there. Carefully, continuing to look at the road, Joel thrust into her.

"Ooh!" She pushed back, her tight vagina enveloping him like a glove finger. "Fuck me!" She wriggled like a corkscrew, sucking him up deeper and deeper into herself.

He could feel her clitty riding his shaft as she moved. Her burning bottom bounced his balls like a ping pong paddle. Her honey drenched his prick, his balls, his thighs.

"I'm coming!" Her bottom went berserk, wrenching his prick this way and that.

"Jesus!" Joel struggled with the steering wheel. She was too much for him. He felt himself starting to cum deep inside her. The car swerved on the road. "Jesus!" He shot his load. He hit the brake. He emptied out his balls as the car skidded to a stop.

"Why did you stop?" Still bouncing in the last throes of orgasm, Mindy was remarkably calm.

"To keep us from killing ourselves!" Joel panted.

"It's more fun if you go faster."

"Youth!" Joel heard himself laughing crazily. "Youth!" He pulled his prick out, dried it off with a handkerchief, tossed the handkerchief away and started off down the highway again. "Youth!"

A half-hour later Mindy pointed out her school in the distance. She looked at the dashboard clock and bit her lip, worried. "It's after curfew," she told Joel. "What'll I do?"

"So what? What can they do to you?"

"Take away my off-grounds privileges. And then I won't be able to get away to see you again." She squeezed his cock fondly through his pants.

The idea of seeing her again hadn't occurred to Joel. However, now that she'd brought it up, he found the prospect of fucking this young nympho again extremely appealing. Next time he'd arrange for a bed. He bet she'd go ape in a bed. "Tell them you were with your editor." He improvised an excuse for Mindy. "Tell them you wrote a short story and I'm thinking of buying it and I insisted on consulting with you about rewrites."

"That's pretty far out."

"Exactly. The big lie. The more outlandish it sounds, the more likely they are to believe it."

The first hint Joel had as to just how really right-on that theory was came the following Monday when Mindy called him at his office. "They bought it!" she told him exultantly. "Hook, line and sinker!" She giggled. "And they were so impressed that I told them I had another appointment to see my editor tonight and they gave me special permission to leave the grounds and to stay out until eleven! *Eleven*! Isn't that super?"

It was indeed super. Joel rented a motel room near Mindy's school to give them more time together. Here he fucked her in the ass—a first for her which made her squeal with delight. And then he ate her sweet-smelling pussy so expertly that she came five times in a row. She blew him in the car on the way back to school and she sucked his cock so avidly and well that he came in time to get her back five minutes before the eleven o'clock curfew.

That was the start of it. Mindy relied on the cover story and Joel wrote her a couple of official sounding letters filled with editorial advice so that she could show them to her teachers to lend her deception substance. In this manner they managed to get together twice a week.

Then Mindy called him a second time. "Guess what," she said. "They've switched my major from Chemistry to English."

"I didn't think they had majors in high school."

"This is my last year. And this is a private Academy, not a high school. The last year we have majors. To prepare us for college. So now I'm an English major. That's why I called you. I can't write worth a damn. Never could. I need a composition. Could you

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write one for me?"

Bemused, Joel wrote it. Cynically, he expected that she'd get a C-minus or something like that on it. She didn't. She got an A-plus and a gushily complimentary note from her teacher. This caused further complications.

"Sorry to bother you again," Mindy said to Joel who had interrupted an editorial meeting to take her third call. "Got a problem."

"What?"

She told him. It seemed the school had notified her parents of her switch in majors. Her father called the school to inquire as to the reason. Told of his daughter's talent in writing, he had voiced skepticism. The A-plus composition hadn't impressed him. But when this was followed by the information that his daughter had been meeting with an editor who was considering publishing a short story she had written, his cynicism had given way to puzzlement and he had arranged to visit the school to discuss the matter personally with the head of the English Department and Mindy. The meeting had just ended, which was why Mindy was calling Joel.

"Explain." Joel was curt. He wanted to get back to business.

She did. At the parent-teacher conference her father had accused Mindy of fabricating the entire story of the editor and opined that the teacher had been gulled. When the department head produced the letters from the editor which Mindy had given the teacher, Mindy's father still remained unconvinced. "Some wise punk college boyfriend of hers probably wrote them so she could talk you people into letting her out at night," he snorted.

Mindy reacted indignantly. Her father didn't think she was capable of doing anything and he never had thought so, she sobbed. Well, he was wrong! She had writing talent! She did! She did! She did! And the proof was that now the editor was happy with the rewrites and the magazine was going to print the short story she'd written!

"What!" Joel exploded. "What the hell did you say a crazy thing like that for?"

"My father!" Mindy sounded like she was talking through clenched teeth. "You don't know my father! He backed me up against the wall!"

"Well it's not possible!"

"Please, Joel. You could write it for me and—"

"Absolutely not!"

"—and put it in your magazine—"

"Out of the question!"

"—under my byline."

"I will not do it!"

"If I don't get a story published, they'll never let me out at night again!"

"I'm sorry."

"If I can't get out, how can I suck your ass and lick your balls and take your big, hard cock in my mouth?"

"This is a business phone! Don't talk like that!"

"You won't be able to taste my hot titties, or lick my clitty, or swallow my honey."

"Mindy, now you just stop—"

"No more ass fucking; no more spanking; no more screwing in the bathtub; no more—"

"I won't—"

But in the end, of course, Joel did. He wrote the story. He put Mindy's byline on it. He ran it in the magazine he edited.

The story attracted attention. This surprised Joel. He had written it hurriedly and without a great deal of consideration. And yet, at some level of which he hadn't been aware, his passion for Mindy must have lent fire and conviction to the story. "Fire and conviction," in any case, was the phrase used by the judges of the *Forty-Seventh Annual Magazine Short Story Awards* in their press release announcing the selection of the story Joel had published under Mindy's byline as winner of first prize this year.

So now Joel sat there watching as his underage fuckmate wriggled up to the dais to accept the award. "I owe it all to my editor, Joel Damon," she said into the microphone, tears of excitement glistening on her cheek.

Joel knew he should have felt mad, hurt, frustrated, cheated—something. But he didn't. What he felt was horny. Watching Mindy's nubile ass as she swayed back down the aisle to her parents' table, all he could think of was how great it would be if she'd drop the award alongside his table as she passed and duck under the tablecloth to retrieve it and give his cock a sweet, hot, deep suck the way she had that first night and the way she doubtless would tomorrow night when they were due to have their next "editorial conference." Joel's pecker rose hard and hungry with the thought.

And at that moment, award or no award, it was all worth it! 75

FILMS

CONTINUED FROM P. 23

"wants his women like his coffee—black and hot" and gets more than he bargained for with a "Manhattan Indian up from 42nd Street" who charges by the hour to satisfy Paul's rump-pumping proclivities.

The Spirit of Seventy Sex, though lacking a story, is so chock full of California cuties in pivotal roles that the shenanigans are certain to keep any man's flag flying, even while it gives his mind a rest. John Holmes and Annette Haven are two of the popular porno players featured.

Candy Lips, on the other hand, is long on sex but short on interest. Despite the lovely presences of Gloria Leonard and Susie Humphree, this incoherent story of a girl who learns after several painful experiences that fucking can be fun is so overlong and tedious that the audience's pain in watching the proceedings far surpasses any of the S/M sequences on screen. Although Susie Humphree (who called herself "Suzanne McBain" in *Rollerbabies*) is a dazzling blonde with—I suspect—an ability to act as well as perform, her talents are wasted in this thankless piece of sexual tripe. Ditto for *High Society's* scrumptious sexpot, Gloria

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Leonard. Most of the other women in this film are amazingly unattractive, particularly to men who crave pretty faces and big bazooms. If the makers of this movie ever change the title from *Candy Lips* to *Shit Mouth*, porn patrons will at least know what they're getting into.

Another plotless wonder that manages to overcome many problems through its frenetic raunch is called *Les Nympho Teens*. First of all, there are no teenaged cuties to be found herein, so don't be deceived by the come-on title. Secondly, although there is no story to sustain your interest, there is such a diversity of sexual acts that a few stains on your raincoat are in order. In addition to the fucking, sucking, and cunt-lapping antics, there are scenes of ass-reaming, golden showers, dildo-humping, rump-thumping, S/M sports, rape, and other pleasures for sex maniacs of all ages. One young lady almost drowns in a literal sea of jism—but what a way to go!

Unfortunately the filmmakers run out of steam—or run out of footage—by the last group sex session and this last reel is padded with "loops" we saw twenty minutes before. *Les Nympho Teens* also suffers from a small budget in which the same three males and three females are constantly used and abused. During one episode, porn actor Roger Caine is seen pumping Sherril Karp's delectable derriere at the same time that *she* is sucking his cock. Either miracles do happen or we're not supposed to notice such off-beat editing.

One amusing vignette includes a take-off of the famous *Psycho* shower scene, in which a man in old-lady drag (Roger Caine again) attacks the bathing beauty (Cindy Greenstreet) with a collection of lethal dildos. If *Psycho* caused a generation of ladies to stop taking showers, this scene will have them beelining for the tub once more.

In addition to the pulsating pussies of Miss Greenstreet and Miss Karp, one can relish the pulchritude of gorgeous Gloria Leonard, who, in an unusual role, fancies that she has suddenly sprouted a cock, upon which she can practice her auto-fellatio, deep-throat techniques with cum-drenching results. In addition to porn, Gloria has recently embarked on a new career as a talk show hostess on cable TV channel "D" in the New York area. For some eye-opening—and fly-opening interviews—Gloria Leonard's show is not to be missed, and hopefully, it will soon be syndicated throughout the country.

Film reviewer Reggie Danzig is the author of *Porn Flick Review*, Award Books, $1.95. Don't miss his collection of cum-stained reviews. 7/5

VAMP

CONTINUED FROM P. 29

Eighth Avenue to Sixth Avenue, and Sixth Avenue, from Forty-Second to the low Fifties, were sections which had all of the glamour and headlines of a Moroccan bazaar. And Fourteenth Street as well, particularly the old Irving Klaw Emporium back in the days when Betty Page was the reigning Empress. Eighth Avenue also existed as a market, but with nowhere near the fervency, if that is the right word, that it exhibits today.

Much of what was made and sold was, in actuality, derived from images that were recorded ten and even twenty and thirty years before. When I did begin to collect erotica seriously, in the early 70s, I found myself renewing acquaintance with many "old friends." More recently, however, this is no longer the case.

One of my reasons for embarking upon the collecting venture was that, by the mid-60s, as the climate became increasingly permissive and erotic photographers themselves became more explicit and graphic, it seemed to me that the pictures were losing their psychological and sexual impact. Nor were they any longer, in any way, charming or even witty. To my way of looking at it, the impact of the pornographic image is largely dependent upon the social circumstance and thrives upon suppression. Made commonplace and readily available, it is castrated. As Woody Allen so charmingly put its, in *Sleeper* when asked if he felt sex was dirty: "Only if it's done properly." So it seemed to me when I started collecting. Pornography was no longer being "done properly." The more natural and common the whole business got, the less its libido clout. Devoid of taboo, out of the closet, the pornographic photo was akin to a sundial in the shade. It had lost its power to perform its primary function, to turn you on. To be sure, things could be raunchy and possibly robust or superslick (see the erotic pictures of, say, Helmut Newton), or simply arty and pretentious (see the oh-so-sensitive pictures of David Hamilton), but it became apparent to me that, in keeping time with the Paradise of Permission, the classic pornographic photo had lost that special charm, that spark, indeed that innocence, that had made it work. Pornography has nothing to do with Art. When it deceives itself that it does, it is in real trouble. And so I felt that it was important to collect and to preserve, as much as I possibly could, the

pictures on these pages, pictures from the Golden Age of Taboo Titillation.

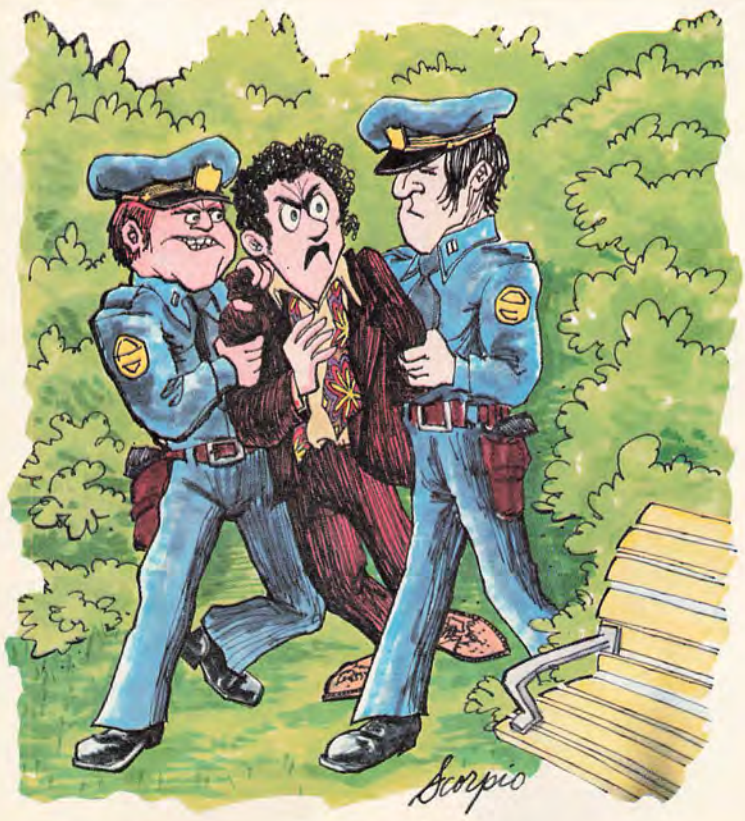
A second consideration which stimulated me to collect these pictures was the fact that they are a very endangered species. Produced, more often than not, with the most primitive and ramshackle technical means, prey to the ravages of time and to the up-tight mores of those who fell heir to clandestine collections, sexually explicit photographs taken prior to the mid-1950s become exceedingly difficult to turn up. For one thing, they were of no great monetary value. Secondly, they seemed not to have much sentimental or nostalgic value. And lastly, they were usually a source of shame and embarrassment to many of the surprised heirs who discovered them among the belongings of recently deceased relatives. In many such cases they would be destroyed with a disapproving wag of the head and a few tsk-tsks regarding the embarrassing eccentricities of late Uncle Harry.

To some degree, an increasing scarcity of old-time erotic photos has altered that situation though not always, I fear, for the better. Frequently now, persons possessing virtually *any* erotic photograph taken prior to the Woodstock Festival are convinced that it is worth a fortune. Most of the time it isn't.

Several years back, I purchased, after much haggling, a fascinating collection of photographs. It had been found in a breadbox, black and battered, which had been walled-up in a New Jersey home for some thirty-five years. It contained the samples, the modus operandi, and some 1000 nude and pornographic pictures, numbered and filed, of an itinerant porno dealer who operated in the 1930s. The general quality of the photos was poor and all were, of course, copy photos. Nevertheless, it was an informative little archive to a student of such matter like myself. The owner, who knew absolutely nothing about this sort of thing, told me in complete seriousness that he was not *really* certain whether any of them had actually been done by (are you ready?) Matthew Brady! I finally convinced him that not only weren't any of them done by Brady, or Brady's assistant, but that all of them were copy photos, miles from the original prints in most cases. They were intriguing and they were surely pornographic, but they were anonymous and thank God, not art.

The vintage erotic photographs that I collect are rarely art, but they are photo-erotic documents, valid historical artifacts for the record. Therein lies much of their importance. They are the irrefutable documentation of what went on in some of the secret

CONTINUED ON P. 85



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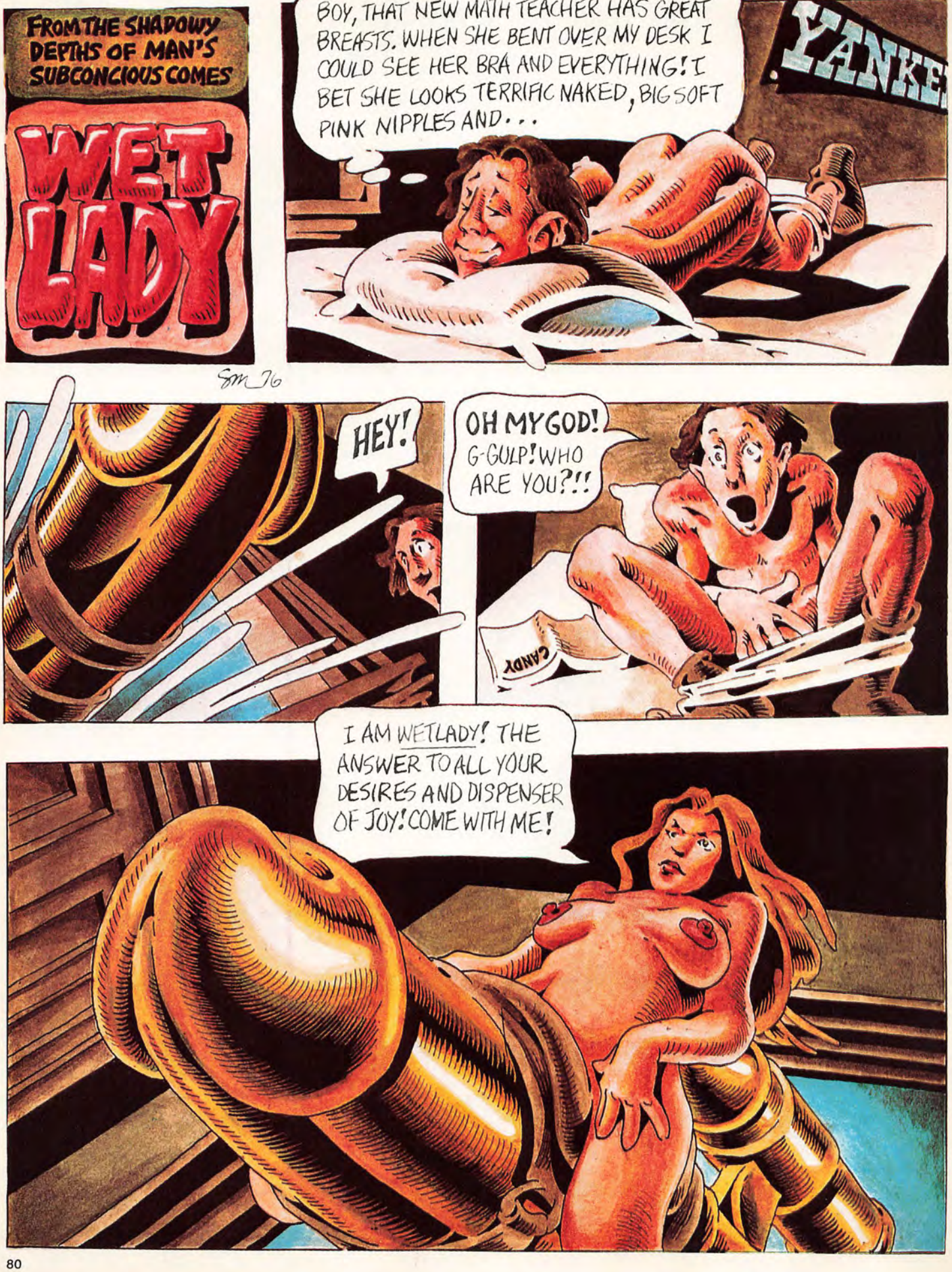
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CONTINUED FROM P. 79

rooms in the basement of what the novelist Nelson Algren has termed our "split-level bedlam." And they offer us the visual substance to flesh out our dearest fantasies in an erotic art form whose very existence was nurtured by its suppression. In their hasty compositions of run-down hotel rooms, out-of-work waitresses and down-on-their-luck horse players, masks and nylons and garter-belts and black socks and fuck-me shoes, wing-tip spectators and slightly failed phalluses, these pictures inform us with a long-gone naughty poignancy. In their capacity for error and their very awkwardness they tell us a kind of sexuality all but vanished from our plastic penthouses.

True, today's meatbeaters have *High Society*. And, one supposes, they have less guilt. All the same, they may have missed something.

What?

Why just look at the old-time pornographic pictures on these pages and see for yourself. 7/5

PIMPS

CONTINUED FROM P. 39

ing him some pussy that he becomes her puppet and her slave."

Brock laughed softly and shook his head. "We are raised to this. *I* was raised to this, like the fatted calf raised for the slaughter. When I was twenty years old I got married like everyone else, worked my ass off to support a wife who did nothing but talk on the telephone with her friends all day. I bought her a house and she couldn't even be bothered to keep it clean. One day I got hip. I just walked away. I woke up and started over, and life has been beautiful ever since."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Not everyone wants to be a pimp, you know. I wouldn't want my woman to go out and sell her body to other men."

He smiled and sighed. "It's not a question of that, not a question of that at all. It doesn't matter what she does for a living. She could be a school teacher or an accountant, for that matter. Selling pussy is not essential. She could be selling her brain or her labor. But in every square relationship, in every so-called normal relationship between a man and woman, husband and wife, the principles of good pimping apply. A man who understands this and applies it will be happy with his woman—and she will be happy too."

"How do you mean? Do you fuck them all the time?"

This time he let out a good laugh. "Hell, no. With four women? Do you think I'm made of iron? The most basic secret is, pimping isn't a sex game—it's a head game. It's your wit and your understanding that puts you on top of the situation and keeps you there—not your prick. And nine out of ten men can't understand that simple starting point. If you fuck a woman too much she'll get tired of you anyway. That's just the way



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they are.

"They want a challange; they don't want to just get plugged all the time. You must not get dependent on their pussies and must always keep them unsure of you, always working and striving to please you—but you are never entirely pleased. You must learn to make demands. Most men are afraid to do this, afraid that the broad will withdraw her pussy."

"Isn't that normally the woman's role?" I asked him. "This doling out and withdrawing of sexual favors in return for good behavior?"

"Exactly," he nodded, "exactly. Now you're catching on. "Most square married dudes keep shelling out and shelling out. If they ever stopped to figure out how much it costs them to screw their wives, they'd realize that a $100 a night call girl is cheaper in the long run. Here comes a vacation, here comes a charge card, here comes a new fur coat . . . "

"Do you believe that the nature of women is to be selfish and inconsiderate of men?" I asked.

"I'm not saying that. I love women. Women have given me everything good in life. If women are that way, it's not so much their natures as our own damn fault. Because men have abdicated. They have let themselves be pushed around, and this does not make the women happy. Do you know why it's so easy for me to get women to sell pussy? Because they'll do anything for a real man, a man who is in control of himself and is sure of himself. And, let's face it, there just aren't many real men around."

"It's our own fault as husbands and as fathers that women in our society are brought up to game on men. From the time she's a little girl, the woman is learning how much she can get out of daddy with a cute little smile or by wrinkling up her nose. She watches how her mother gets everything she wants, how she wraps the old man around her little finger. And then when she gets older she learns how to say, "Not tonight darling, I have a headache."

"I know what you mean," I said smiling sadly. "How do you stop that pattern, how do you break it?"

Brock sipped his drink and looked at me intently. He spoke without anger, but with the patience of a mechanic trying to explain what is wrong with a car.

"The first thing the man has to learn," he said, "is to recognize the game for what it is. To become aware, to get hip to the fact that his woman is gaming off him all the time. It's incredible when you see it, because most of the time even *she* is not aware of what she's doing. She has been so well programmed it becomes automatic."

"What's the next step?"

"To reverse the game. To turn it right back on her. *You* are the one that's not in the mood to fuck. *You* ask for the birthday presents. And she will love you for it, because no woman wants her man to be a pussy that she can push around. Deep down, she wants to be challenged and dominated. She wants you to be in control of yourself so that you're not easily led around by the cock. She wants to feel that you're a little smarter than she is, a little bit ahead of her all the time."

"That's old fashioned," I said, "in these days of women's lib. Women don't want to take a back seat any more."



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"Boy, have you ever been brainwashed," Brock laughed. "Now let's not talk about that equal work for equal pay stuff. Everybody agrees that women have a right to good jobs, political positions, and so forth. But when they get home, they are not happy running things. No matter how bright, how capable, how well qualified a woman is, she always wants to be with a man who is a little bit more so—someone she can look up to, someone who can always teach her something new. You simply have got to keep them in their proper place."

I thought of my own fantasies, reinforced by a hundred bad movies, about the pimp who slaps his woman around as she worships his shoes. "Does this include violence and cruelty?" I asked. "Deep down, does every woman want to be slapped around?"

Brock looked at me with amusement. "What do you take me for?" he said. "I don't think I've struck a woman more than once or twice in my entire life, and then it was an extreme situation. You can't keep a woman by beating her up all the time—and what's the fun in that, anyway? A real man controls a woman without resorting to shit like that. And a woman won't stay with you if she's mistreated, so there goes your money. The trick is to keep them in line, to set goals and limits for them, and to be strong enough not to fall for their attempts to control *you*. That rough stuff is low and it doesn't even work, so what's the point?"

"I thought pimps were supposed to be basically sadistic and whores masochistic," I said.

"A lot of people make that mistake," Brock replied. "Oh, there are some masochistic broads out there all right, but I won't mess with that. Because I found out from experience that a woman who is heavy into that masochistic trip can easily flip over, and the next thing you know she's coming at you with a knife while you're asleep. Of course, all women like a *little* cruelty, but it must be subtle—an emotional, psychological thing rather than a physical beating."

"What's a *little* cruelty?"

"Mainly, it's the ability to say "no" when she wants her way. The ability to go your own way, to be your own man, even to walk away from her if necessary. In my game, the worst punishment I can hand out to a broad is simply to walk away. With most of them, especially if they're good looking and used to being pursued, it blows their minds that you can and will walk."

"For most men, it is not so easy to walk away from an attractive, desirable women," I state.

"Right, and that's where they lose. See, when I am going with a broad, I work at keeping things interesting and exciting. She never knows when I'll call or what I'll do. I'm full of surprises and unexpected delights. It might be tickets to a hit show, or I might just show up on short notice with champagne and caviar, and then go home without giving her any dick. But it's always on *my* terms. I don't allow the relationship to become stale, and I never allow myself to become predictable. It takes a lot of trouble and a lot of energy that the average dude won't bother with—but the rewards are well worth it."

A key turned in the lock, and Crystal stepped into the room carrying a bag of groceries. She is a tall, blonde, charming,

sexy and stunning broad.

Brock invited her to join us after she had put away the groceries. We filled her in on the conversation and I asked if she agreed that a woman wanted to be dominated by her man.

"As long as you please your man," she nodded, "your whole perspective is correct as a woman. I am not confused, I am not unhappy, because I am doing something that makes me feel whole. Without Brock, I am only a half. Can you understand that?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "I've heard so much from liberated women lately. They would say that you have no sense of your own worth to subjugate yourself to a man who chose you to be his whore . . . "

Crystal looked at me with her clear blue eyes and smiled. "But he didn't choose me," she laughed. "*I chose him!*"

I looked to Brock, expecting that he would be taken aback by this insolence, but instead he was smiling and relaxed. "It's true," he said, "you don't choose a broad at all. You have very little to say about which broads are going to be attracted to you, and here's where the square dudes make a big mistake. You can get yourself together, you can present yourself to women, but in every case it is the woman who chooses *you*. Of course, you have the choice of whether or not to accept her."

"That's what these lib sisters miss," she said. "They don't give us working girls any credit for having any brains at all. They think we all get hypnotized or beat up by our men. It never occurs to them that we might be doing exactly what we want to do. Well, I for one am old-fashioned and I choose to remain that way. When I was in a lib head, I was unhappy and confused all the time. When I chose this man and surrendered to him, I became happy and I feel part of a unit, the way it's supposed to be."

"I respect what you say, Crystal," I said, "but can you really be happy when your needs always come second, when your will or your ideas are always in subservience to your man?"

"How can I explain this?" she replied. "Finesse, you know, a woman's finesse. She knows how to operate within her position, she can use her intelligence, but always with finesse. Like, if you think your man is wrong about something, you don't have to confront him and fight and argue and be a bitch . . ."

"You can plant a seed in his mind in such a way that he will think it is his own idea, and you can praise him for this. And without fighting him, you can build him up and still inject your ideas into the situation, and after awhile he knows what you are doing, but still he goes along with it because you are not always trying to show that you're right and he's wrong. Smart women have known how to get what they want for thousands of years while still remaining women."

It was time to end the interview, so I asked if they had any final message for our readers.

"Yes," said Brock. "Tell them that pimps and whores are the only real men and women left in America at this time. And that if they really don't like that situation, they should get their shit together at home. Because if the majority of men and women were leading happy lives with their mates, all the hookers and players would go out of business tomorrow." 75

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Captain Osgood

Secretary of State Muff-Diving Spectacles. If Henry Kissinger had worn a pair of these at the recently concluded Mid-East negotiations, he would not have offended anyone's sensitivities. These spectacles come with a fully circumcised noseguard, which is very useful when peeking into those difficult-to-reach areas. In fact during a recent meeting of the Security Council, one prominent diplomat was heard to comment, "I would never go muff-diving without one." **Code 499 $2.25**



Pop Your Coc or have her pop it for you! Next time your woman asks for a smoke, just pull out this sexy lighter and "Pop Your Coc". This lighter is only 3" long, so hopefully she won't mistake it for the real thing. But it looks real enough to stop any woman right in her tracks. So be the life of the party. We guarantee that you will have the hottest "Coc" there. **Code 770 $2.25**





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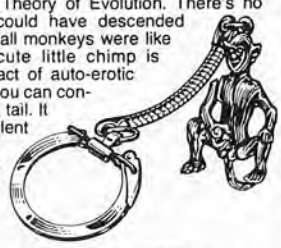
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Erotic Eraser Tips. Use it as an eraser or a pointer. Put it on your finger and use it to give directions or turn pages. As a gag, it's light years past rubber spiders. It puts a smile onto everyone's face. They'll all want one of their own (eraser envy). Get yours now! Packed 12 to a bag. **Code 762 $5.95**

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Cocky Classic #7

Dracula Meets Sleeping Beauty





"Aha! Here's a nubile nougat. She's sleeping so deeply that I wonder if she could be stoned. Let's just nip on in there and check her out."

One grim, gray, gothic day in Transylvania, Count Dracula and his Countess were prowling around the local mausoleum when they stumbled on an open crypt. "Bat turds!" the Count exclaimed, pointing through the spiderwebs over the stone archway. "The gang must have had a party here, and they didn't even invite us. Bloodsuckers!"

"Wrong," the Countess told him. "They were scared off before they could sink their fangs into the plasma."

"What makes you say that, my dear?" Count Dracula inquired, picking a scab thoughtfully.

"Their shit doesn't smell."

"I beg your pardon?" The Count sucked a little blood from a canker sore and savored the taste.

"Of blood. Their shit doesn't smell of blood. Therefore they left before they partied."

"Or else, my dear," the Count pointed out, "their shit was shat before they sucked any blood—possibly when they were on their way in to the crypt to party."

"Not possible." The Countess cocked a fang with a passing thought of reversing the process.

"Why not?"

"The turds are pointing the wrong way!" She bit her tongue and spit a few drops of blood at him triumphantly.

The Count ignored her juicy vituperativeness. But when he pushed through the spiderwebs and entered



the crypt, he was forced to acknowledge that the Countess was right. The corpse stretched out there had not a mark on it and its lush appearance testified that it was still bursting with plasma. "Nothing like pussy blood from a fresh new cadaver," the Count remarked cheerily.

"Well let's get down to business then," his gore-hungry spouse agreed, sinking to her knees and investigating the nubile crotch for a likely place to sink her ferocious fangs.

Little did the Draculas dream that they were making a mistake. The succulent corpse wasn't a corpse at all. She was a Princess left over from a particularly grim Grimm's fairy tale. The only virgin in a kingdom called Vassar, the old witches who ran the realm were so determined to keep her that way that they cast a spell on her. The spell was a downer and it put her to sleep with a rider that said she could only be waked up by a were-bat's cunt-kiss. "That oughta hold her!" they cackled.

(So much for a Vassar education!)

Now, as the Draculas took turns nibbling Sleeping Beauty's pussy, they found their lips were being smeared with honey, rather than blood. "This corpse must have her period," the Count remarked with a moue of distaste.

"Just like a male!" The Countess was dis-











"It's a feast for gore eyes, my dear! Let us entertain this sleepyhead with a few verses of *Fangs For The Mammaries*, or *The Last Time I Saw Plasma*."



dainful. "Letting a little cunt-juice mixed with the plasma turn you off."

But of course it was more than that. The Count discovered this when he bit into a luscious labia with the full intent of drawing a delicious spurt of cadaver quim-blood. "Ouch!" Sleeping Beauty exclaimed.

"I've had 'em fresh-killed before," the Count remarked. "But this one's still got a death rattle."

"She's not dead, my dear." The slaver-

ing Countess was quicker than her husband. "Her blood's still warm."

"Mmmm! So it is!"

"Ouch!" This time Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes and took a good look down her cleavage to see what was going on with her virgin pussy. What was going on was that the Count and the Countess were having a fang duel to see who was going to get to lap up most of the guava and gore in her gash. "Stop that!" Sleeping Beauty protested. "That's a chaste chasm you've got there! I'm not going to let you eat it out before it's even been fucked. After all, I'm still a virgin! And I've got the hymen to prove it!"

"Whoops!" The Count's long lower incisor slipped up Sleeping Beauty's quim and drew maiden blood. "Sorry about that!"

"Well, it seems you're not a virgin anymore, my dear," the Countess observed.

"What a dirty trick!" Sleeping Beauty wailed. "You popped my cherry and I didn't even have the fun of being fucked. Well now I'm just going to get even with you!" With which she flung herself on the Count, extracted his pecker from his fancy pants and sucked it full length down her throat.

(Back at Vassar the witches flipped their hemmorhoids.)

"Lucky you!" The Countess was envious of her husband. "Having your groin sucked by a new bloodsucker!"

"But she's not sucking my blood, dammit! The perverted bitch is sucking the semen from my cock! Now you stop that!"

But it was too late. Sleeping Beauty may have been a novice to fucking, but when it came to sucking, she'd practiced on the entire Harvard backfield including the second string. Offensive *and* defensive! (Well, maybe there is something to be said for a Vassar education.) And now she brought Dracula off before he could say, "Boo!"

Dracula was so indignant at having this perversion practiced on him that he fucked the ass off Sleeping Beauty by way of revenge. The Countess joined in the proceedings with a vengeance. And all three of them lived happily ever after!





Gorged on gore, Dracula is flat on his back while the Countess and Sleeping Beauty bleed the sucker.



"What a rude awakening," exclaimed Sleeping Beauty. "And what a long way I do seem to be from Vassar! Whoever are these strange folk nibbling at my nookie? I went to sleep a virgin with everything quite girlish, and now I awaken to find things very, very ghoulish! Ah, well! As we used to say at Vassar: 'Born a virgin. Died a virgin. Laid in the grave!'"

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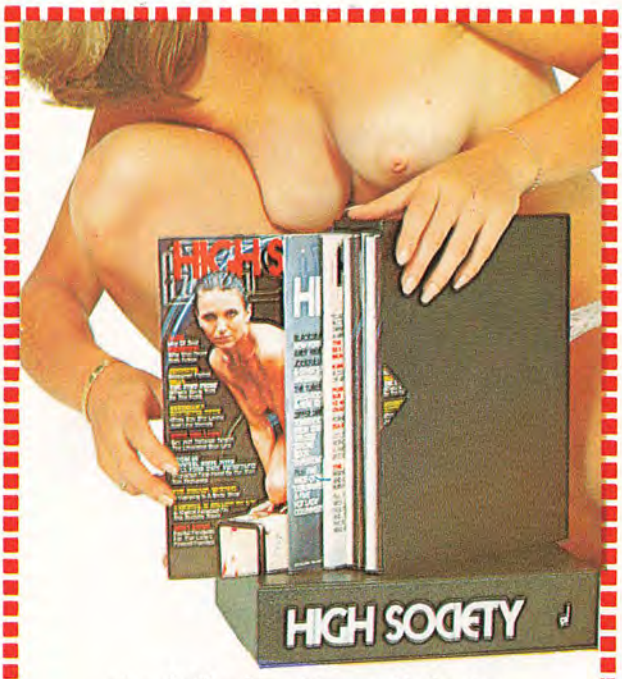
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CUMMING ATTRACTIONS

EXCLUSIVE: NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED PHOTOS OF THE NOTORIOUS BETTY PAGE!

You're probably already familiar with the face and flesh of Betty Page, the leading high-heeled, black stockinged pin-up model of the 1950s and the undisputed queen of S&M, bondage and flagellation (a la Irving Klaw). But no matter how many pictures of the red-lipped, pageboyed voluptuary you may have seen, we guarantee you've never feasted your eyes on the photos we're going to show you next month. We've got Betty's beaver shots—the wide-open, cum-and-get-it pix which, until now, were to be found only in the hands of private collectors. They'll be in your hands next issue, courtesy of artist/writer/collector Richard Merkin.

SECRETS OF SUPERSTUDS

If you've ever wondered how the overworked superdicks of the fuckfilm industry get it up (over and over again) and keep it up, you'll be interested in this article by Myron Benton. He examines several of the top skin flick stars and describes their varied and unusual methods of hitting on "hard times."

COPS AND CRADLE ROBBERS

What happens when a policeman meets a young hooker, discovers that she's a virgin and then pledges his badge and balls to the task of converting her sweet cherry to the straight and narrow before it's too late? You'll find out next issue when ace fiction writer Frank Marla brings you *Little Miss Hooker*, a humorous tale of heat on the beat, in which the cop—not the call girl—gets caught with his pants down.

KELLY SAINT-JOHN'S SECOND CUMMING

If you like the looks of this month's covergirl, you're gonna love our April issue! Ms. Saint-John will be back in a delicious inside spread which will make your mouth water. This cover shooting was only a warm-up for Kelly—next month you can get her while she's hot!



Now available in the first Collector's Item issue of *High Society*. Clits-'n'-slits abound, so order issues of your choice—as well as a luxury Decorator's File Case to hold and preserve up to twelve of them—from the order form on p.98.

"If you liked me on the cover of this issue, just wait till you see my inside spread next month!"









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